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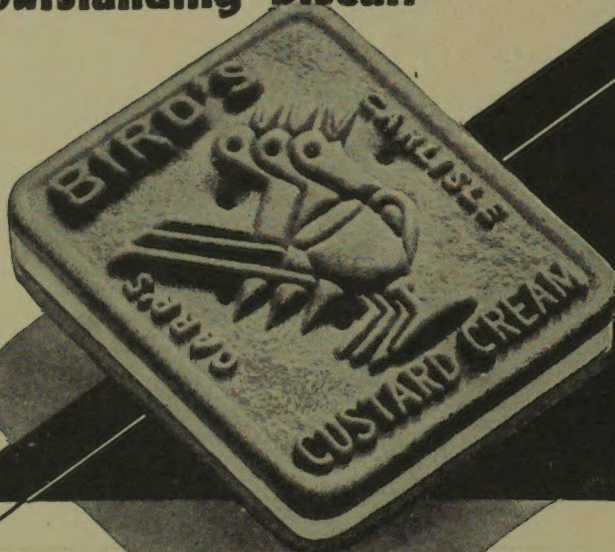
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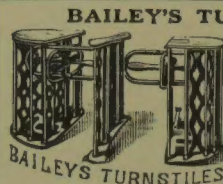
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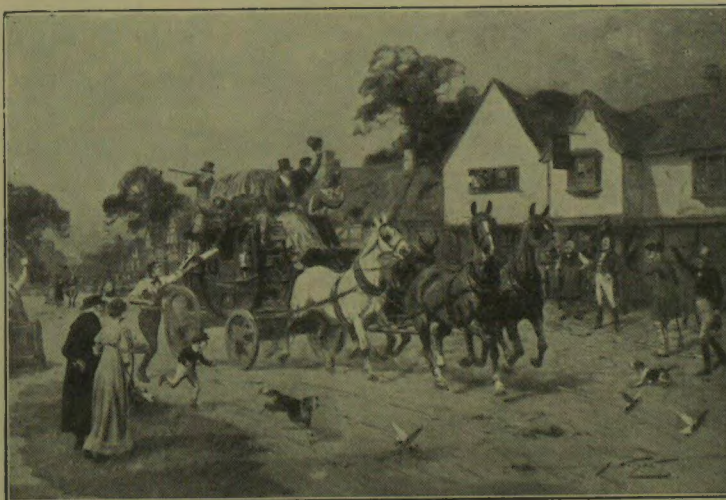
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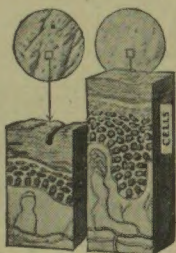
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Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

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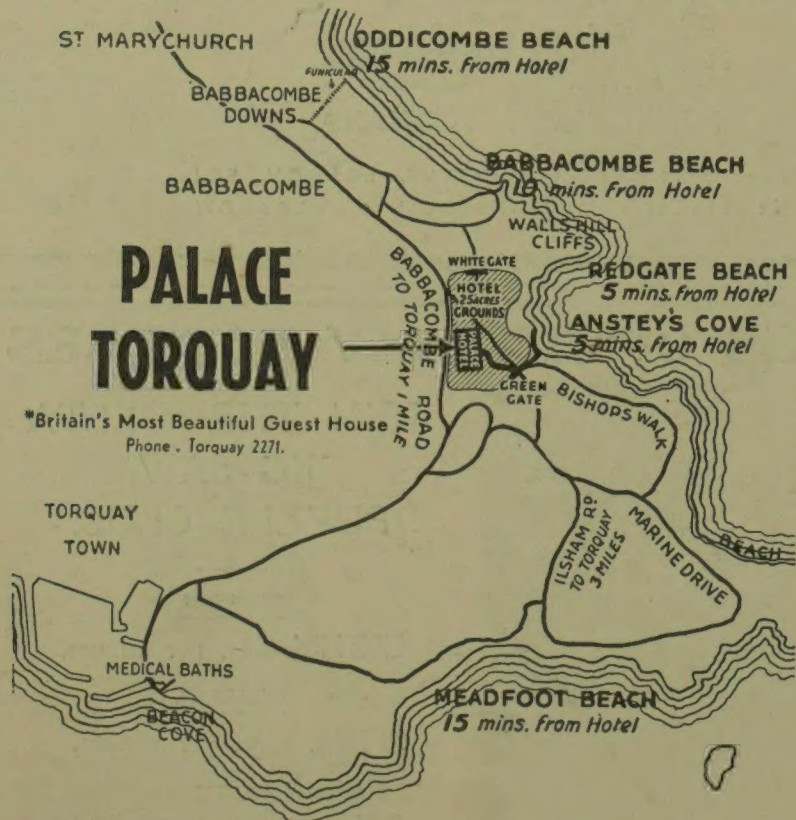
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1933.



**THE REICHSTAG FIRE MYSTERY PROBED IN THE TREASON TRIAL BEFORE THE GERMAN SUPREME COURT AT LEIPZIG:
THE CHIEF ACCUSED, VAN DER LUBBE (STANDING), BEING EXAMINED BY THE PRESIDING JUDGE.**

The trial of "Van der Lubbe and associates" for high treason began on September 21 before the fourth Penal Chamber of the Reich Supreme Court at Leipzig. All the five prisoners were accused of high treason and conspiring to overthrow the State by force, but the charge of actually firing the Reichstag was brought only against the principal accused, Marinus Van der Lubbe, a Dutchman, aged twenty-four. He is seen in our photograph standing before

the right-hand end of the judges' table (with a police officer standing behind him and to his left) and being examined by the presiding Judge, Dr. Bünker. The other four accused—Herr Ernst Torgler, the former Communist Parliamentary leader, and three Bulgarians named Dimitroff, Taneff, and Popoff—are seen sitting under police guard in the left background, as more clearly shown in another photograph, given on page 488 of this number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is amusing to reflect that in a few years, perhaps, all our political and ethical titles and labels will mean exactly the opposite of what they say. This has very little to do with the question of the ultimate truth or falsehood of what they say. The ideas involved were sometimes real ideas, right or wrong; that is, thoughts that are outside time and unaffected by the times. But the titles were almost always taken from the times. Such titles as Progressive or Conservative or Modernist or Meliorist or Social Evolutionist were all alike in implying a certain appeal to the actual tendency of the contemporary world, as apart from the interior standards of the mind. The Modernist was right because he was modern, and managed, in some strange way, to look round on the modern world and still think it a fine thing to be modern. The Meliorist was a Modernist who managed to think that the future would be even better than the present; though a good many other people were wondering whether anything could be worse than the present. I am not now debating the truth of their view; I only say that there were and are a good many of them, and that for the last hundred years they have been as much in revolt against the present as any old revolutionist can have been against the past. They have been in revolt for many years and in many social classes, from the most earnest of the poor in the night-schools to the most frivolous of the rich in the night-clubs. The number of people who have found the modern world a bore and an abomination is already very large, and covers witnesses of every caste and culture. But, anyhow, it is now obvious that there will not be a final and universal surrender to those who have admired the modern world merely because it was modern. Many did not admire modernism even when it was modern. Fewer still will admire modernism when it has ceased to be modern.

A very competent and well-documented book has recently been published called "Germany Puts the Clock Back." It interests me for several reasons: among others, because I had always been sternly informed, when I advanced my little pleas for property and liberty, and such whimsies, that it is quite impossible to put the clock back. Poor old Germany is justly condemned for doing something which it was really impossible to do. Unfortunately, I have never believed in this curious new chronological creed, the idolatry of the clock. I have no doubt that, before this religion of time and clockwork has passed away, there will be temples in which men really worship a clock. A clock will be reared above the altar, and all the priests and people will bow before it in rhythmic and very punctual prostrations, intoning a sort of litany that will say: "O clock, who shall put thee back, O clock?" It will be but the final culmination, predicted as by a desolate figure or emblem, in so many churches on which the cross has vanished even from the spire and which retain only the weathercock. For the Modernists went to war under the ensign of the weathercock. In this sign they conquered. But they do not seem to know that the weather has changed.

Only, as it happens, I am not an idolater. I do not worship a clock, or anything that is the work of man's hands. I believe it is perfectly possible for the man who made the clock to put back the clock, or stop the clock, or smash the clock to smithereens, if he chooses to do so; and therefore I have never cared a brass farthing about these measurements of moral ideas in terms of time. Some of the modern ideas are moral ideas that seem to me quite right because they are moral, not because they are modern. I think it right that labourers should have more liberty and leisure; not because some recent employers have begun to see it, but because everybody ought always to have seen it. I think it wrong that men should be brutally punished or tortured by a secret police; not because modern men ought not now to do such things, but because men ought never to have done them. But these opinions, even if they are

are more modern than the Modernists. Mr. Hitler is the last pink promising bud upon the flowering tree of progress; he is the Spring beyond the Spring, and the Dawn that is younger than the Dawn. He is quite as much entitled to call Lord Snowden an old stick-in-the-mud as Lord Snowden to call the late Duke of Northumberland an old stick-in-the-mud. He is quite as much entitled to regard Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a monumental story as ever Mr. MacDonald was, in the old days, so to regard Lord Balfour or Lord Oxford. Once grant the temporal test, the creed of the clock, that ran side by side with so much of the modern progressive idealism, and it is obvious that all the new reactionaries are more advanced than the old revolutionaries. It is all the more true because they really are revolutionaries much more than reactionaries. Mussolini is still almost as much a Syndicalist as a Fascist. It

is quite a mistake to suppose that he would have a soothing effect on the old ladies in the Primrose League in Cheltenham. And even Hitler, though much less of a maker and much more of a tool, could not venture on any Tory arrogance towards the classes that carry the tools. The point here, however, is this. The new movements are not in line with the old movements which boasted of being new. All their titles and badges proclaimed that they were the parties of the future. And the future will almost certainly be filled with totally different parties; with parties aiming at things utterly different, whether right or wrong; and this will make the labels of the old Futurist factions look rather silly.

The Progressive may still be right; but he will not still stand for the way in which the world is progressing. The Modernist may be right; but he will not be modern. The man who has always proved that the universe is evolving towards his ethical ideal will still doubtless cling to his ethical ideal; but he will have to recognise the fact that the world is evolving towards something totally different. Thus, by a long and straggling and even crooked process, we who

believe in the immortality of morals shall be at last avenged upon those who believe in modernity but not in immortality. The defeated Socialists and the disappointed Progressives and the last noble dreamers of the dead cult of Democracy shall come to us, as to a home of lost causes. But the name of lost causes is only given to the causes that are never lost. In almost all these Liberal and Progressive and social evolutionist or revolutionist causes there were great truths which can only be forgotten and can never be falsified. Such truths always return, for there is nothing so formidable and terrible as a fact that is forgotten. But such truths in their exile will only expiate their essential and really evil error, the idolatry of the clock. They are failing because they boasted of being modern instead of being right, and now things more modern claim to be more right. They boasted of being new instead of being true, and now things more new boast of being more true. But in so far as they themselves were true, their truths will remain; and nothing about them will look foolish except their names.



THE LEIPZIG TREASON TRIAL IN CONNECTION WITH THE REICHSTAG FIRE: THE FIVE ACCUSED IN COURT, SEATED BETWEEN POLICE GUARDS IN THE TWO BACK ROWS ON THE RIGHT.

As noted on our front page, the trial of five men for high treason, in connection with the fire at the German Reichstag, began in the Supreme Court at Leipzig on September 21. In the above photograph, the chief accused, the young Dutchman, Van der Lubbe, alleged to have been the actual incendiary, is seated in the middle row in the right foreground. He is the second figure from the right-hand end, sitting with bent head and his shock of hair falling over his forehead. His torpid demeanour under examination on the opening day aroused much comment. Next but one to him is Herr Torgler, the former Communist Parliamentary leader, the only German among the accused. In the back row, each sitting between uniformed police, are the three Bulgarian prisoners. They are (from right to left) Giorgi Dimitroff, Vasili Taneff, and Blagoi Popoff. Dimitroff and Popoff, who both stated that they had been members of the Central Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party, were examined on the third day of the trial. Dimitroff repudiated individual acts of terrorism and declared that he was interested only in Bulgaria. The examination of Herr Torgler was fixed to begin on the 25th.

called liberal opinions, have nothing to do with the actual modern march of events or the changes in the world. It is quite possible that the world will march on towards the Servile State, and that labourers will have even less liberty than before. It is quite possible that the new fashion for dictatorship and drastic rule from the centre may make the secret police even more of a secret police, and therefore even more of a criminal class. I do not say that these things need be so; I only say it is now obvious that it is quite as possible for them to appear in the future as it was for them to appear in the past. It is no longer possible to assume that the humanitarian will be more modern than the brutalitarian. I do not for a moment believe that most Fascists, or even most Hitlerites, are brutalitarians. But I am quite certain that the old liberal politicians they expelled would call them brutalitarians.

But the point is this, that even in calling them brutal, even in calling them barbarous, it would be impossible to call them antiquated. The Fascists

A PHOENIX RISEN FROM HER ASHES: THE REBIRTH OF NAPIER.



THE OLD NAPIER—DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN FEBRUARY 1931: A PANORAMA OF THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY LYING IN INDESCRIBABLE RUIN AFTER SUFFERING THE MOST DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE IN THE HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND—A SCENE OF DESOLATION THAT HAS ALREADY GIVEN PLACE TO A NEW AND WELL-ORDERED CITY.



THE NEW NAPIER, RISEN LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES OF THE OLD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT AS IN THE PANORAMA ABOVE; SHOWING HOW WELL-ORDERED BUILDINGS AND WIDE THOROUGHFARES HAVE REPLACED THE DEVASTATION OF TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS AGO.



A BUSINESS STREET IN THE NEW NAPIER, WHERE MOST OF THE BUILDINGS ARE NOW BUILT OF CONCRETE AND STEEL AND HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED SO AS TO WITHSTAND FUTURE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND . . .": MARINE PARADE GARDENS, NAPIER, MADE POSSIBLE BY THE EARTHQUAKE, WHICH LIFTED THE SEA BEACH FIVE FEET, AND ALLOWED TURF AND FLOWER-BEDS TO REPLACE SHINGLE.

The disastrous earthquake that devastated Napier and Hastings in February 1931, killing hundreds of people, was the most severe in the history of New Zealand. The city of Napier was laid waste; but with characteristic courage and vigour the people of New Zealand set to work to build a new and finer city, reconstructing it so as to guard against a similar catastrophe and to provide a measure of harmony in the design of new buildings. The business quarter has been replanned, with rounded corners at the street junctions; wider streets have been made to meet the demands

of modern traffic; and most of the buildings have been constructed of concrete and steel, and provided with new drainage and water-supply. The astonishing change that has been made in the appearance of the city in two-and-a-half years is well illustrated by our two upper photographs, which were taken from the same spot. It is a metamorphosis comparable only with that effected at Tokio and Yokohama, where, after the great earthquake and fire of 1923, modern cities grew up in place of the wooden houses and narrow streets of old-fashioned Japanese design.



1. FINE POTTERY FROM THE ETRUSCAN TOMB AT POPULONIA, DATING FROM ABOUT THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: CUPS, JUGS, AND VASES IMPORTED FROM THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN AND OF CORINTHIAN OR "PROTO-CORINTHIAN" TYPE; WITH (TOP LEFT) A RHODIAN "CUP WITH BIRDS."

THE latest excavations conducted by Antonio Minto, Superintendent of the Antiquities of Etruria, in the territory of the ancient and famous Etruscan maritime city of Populonia, in the Bay of Baratti, near Piombino, have led to the discovery of another magnificent and very rich tumulus tomb. This, too, like all the preceding tombs, has been deeply buried beneath a stratum of iron slag, the waste from the iron-works in the island of Elba, which, in late Etruscan and Etrusco-Roman periods, was extended like a funeral mantle over the most ancient and already abandoned archaic Etruscan necropolis of Populonia. This deep layer of slag renders the explorations very difficult and costly, and it has only been possible to carry them out latterly thanks to the utilisation of the ore left in considerable quantity among the slag owing to the inexperience of the ancients in its extraction; on the other hand, in numerous cases, it is the slag itself which has preserved certain tombs inviolate to our day with all the funerary furniture intact, just as it was at the moment when the tombs were abandoned. One of the best specimens of intact tombs is that of the new tumulus found in the Poggio della Porcareccia. This tomb, like the other tombs of Populonia of the same type, consists of an almost square cell (255 by 270 metres), preceded by a

4. UTENSILS FROM THE TOMB AT POPULONIA: THREE BRONZE INCENSE VESSELS, VERY FINE SPECIMENS (ABOVE); AND (BELOW) BRONZE FIRE-DOGS.



5. OBJECTS OF IVORY, AMBER, AND WOOD FROM THE POPULONIA TOMB: WOOD BEING VERY RARE IN ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES: REMAINS OF HANDLES, COMBS, AND RECTANGULAR PLATES.

long approach opening to the east, a large upright stone slab forming the closure to that cell. The cover of the cell is a pseudo-cupola with a round base resting on the walls of the cell by means of consoles on the corners, and narrowed above by rows of projecting masses. The entire cell was covered by a tumulus of earth, bounded and sustained round about by a circular ring wall; this circular drum, 10 metres in diameter, built up of small masses of local soft stone called "panchina," is surmounted above by a row of plates which project a quarter of a metre outside the wall in the manner of a "grandarium," and is in turn surrounded externally by limestone slab-work in an inclined plane for the discharge of the waters towards the outer part, 1-20 metres in length, and terminated outside by small plates, also of limestone, cut and fitted. The cell likewise and the approach drum are constructed of rows of small blocks of "panchina," while the parts most exposed to the water—that is, the pseudo-cupola with its consoles, the covering of the approach corridor and the "grandarium," and the outside slab-work—are of a stronger material, namely, of limestone. In the interior of the cell, at the side, there are two large funeral beds, with bed-stones sustained by four turned columns and with lateral parapets of limestone, and at the bottom two niches separated by a large cut slab. From the skeleton remains it is gathered that the persons buried at the final time of use of the tomb were four, among them a woman. On the other hand, from the rich and precious furniture, it is determined with certainty that the period of use of the tomb continued for a long time, nearly two centuries, starting at least from the second half of the seventh century B.C., and going to the

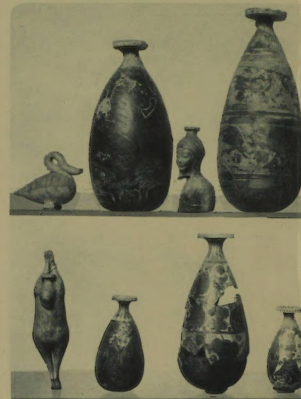
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"THE TOMB OF THE BRONZE FLABELLA": 6TH-CENTURY B.C. ETRUSCAN

ARTICLE BY

DR. DONO LEVI.

end of the sixth, or perhaps even the dawn of the fifth, century. Among the furniture, we can specify as most worthy of mention various articles of jewellery, among them rings, bracelets, armlets, buckles, pins, and earrings of gold. The earrings are of the "casket" type, characteristic of the first half of the sixth century, with a decoration of rosettes and palmettes in filigree granulated work. Of greatest importance is a ring with oblong ovoid bezel,



2. POTTERY FROM THE ETRUSCAN TOMB AT POPULONIA: GEESSE (UPPER ROW, LEFT AND RIGHT); SQUATTING GAZELLES (LOWER RIGHT); A RUNNING HARE (LOWER LEFT); AND A VERY GRACEFUL FEMALE BUST



6. ETRUSCAN ARMOUR OF ABOUT THE SIXTH CENTURY: GREAVES OF "PROTO-CORINTHIAN" TYPE FROM THE TOMB RELATING TO A

FANS; ARMOUR; POTTERY.

of the type called "proto-Ionic," representing a subject hitherto unknown, namely, Hercules wrestling with a three-bodied lioness. Among the bronzes there are some which are unique among the specimens hitherto preserved (apart from some few poor remains found at Caere)—namely, those of two large flabella which have given the tomb its name of "Tomb of the Bronze Flabella." They are very elegant and pretty, one now broken (Fig. 7), but the other perfectly intact,

(Continued on right.)



IMPORTED VASES, INCLUDING SOME SHAPED AS ANIMALS—(LOWER RIGHT); A SQUATTING GAZELLE (LOWER LEFT); AND (UPPER ROW) FROM RHODES.

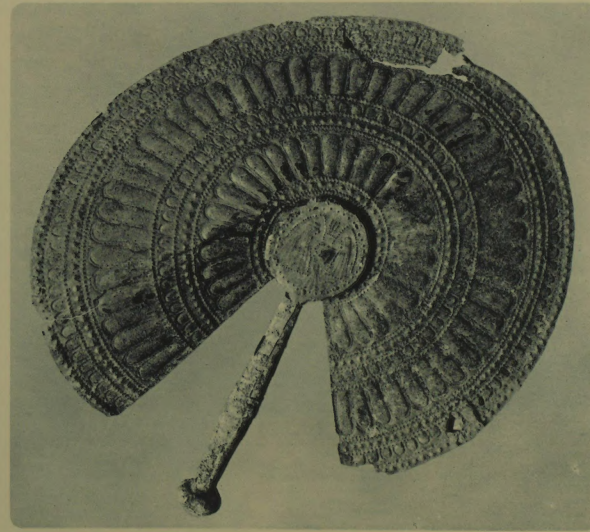


B.C. IN WONDERFUL PRESERVATION: BRONZE HELMETS AND AT POPULONIA, WHICH YIELDED A RICH STORE OF MATERIAL ACTIVITIES OF LIFE.



3. PERHAPS THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OF ALL ANCIENT CULTURES—PRODUCTS OF LOCAL POTTERS FROM THE TOMB (ABOUT SIXTH CENTURY B.C.) AT POPULONIA: THIN CUPS AND PITCHERS OF ETRUSCAN WORKMANSHIP, SOME WITH GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS AND ALL OF CHARACTERISTIC DESIGN.

with concentric lobe zones and a central disc decorated in relief with two veiled female busts; the broken specimen, on the other hand, has the wings radiating like fan feathers. There have also been found in bronze magnificent specimens of arms (Fig. 6), various "proto-Corinthian" helmets of wonderful preservation, greaves, and fragments of shields. Among the utensils there are very fine specimens of incense vessels (Fig. 4), fire-dogs, offertory vessels, trays, cups, basins, pyxes, pails, buckles, wine-cups, rasps, knives, and strainers. A ladle has its handle terminating in a hand cut in a bronze plate which holds the cup. More rare and in a very bad state of preservation are the objects of ivory (Fig. 5), remains of handles, combs, and various rectangular plates which were used for fixing to trunks or articles of furniture. Fragmentary, likewise, are some alabaster or alabastrine vases, terminating at the mouth in the form of female heads. Finally, a rare thing for Etruria, there have been found, in fair preservation, a few small objects of wood (Fig. 5), turned handles, end-pieces of objects, and a handle of a bronze rasp, but the latter in worse condition, in the form of a small squatting lion. Very numerous also are the ceramics, which comprise various local Etruscan potters' products, especially thin cups and pitchers (Fig. 3); and imported vases, among which, in particular, there are many "arabian" or "proto-Corinthian" and Corinthian type. Several of these are shaped as animals (Fig. 2)—geese, running hares, squatting gazelles; one "cup with birds" (Fig. 1) is of Rhodian importation; graceful, above all, among the plastic vases, is one representing a female bust, which is also similar to other specimens coming from Rhodes (Fig. 2). After this great tomb-chamber, which has alone yielded up such a quantity of splendid furniture, it is hardly possible to mention various other secondary discoveries. The basements of three tombs of a character entirely peculiar and hitherto unknown—that is to say, shaped as small sacred shrines—were discovered in the zone of St. Cerbone. Among the various objects of different periods found therein, noteworthy are three antefixes, one complete and two fragmentary, representing fine heads of satyrs of archaic art, and probably used for the decoration of the cornices of the funerary shrines themselves.



7. ONE OF THE TWO FINDS THAT GAVE THE TOMB ITS NAME OF "TOMB OF THE BRONZE FLABELLA": A BEAUTIFUL FLABELLUM, OR FAN, IN BRONZE; ITS WINGS RADIATING LIKE FAN FEATHERS—A SPECIMEN UNIQUE IN ETRUSCAN REMAINS AND ITS PRECISE PURPOSE UNKNOWN.

THE LIVES OF GEORGE ROBEY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LOOKING BACK ON LIFE": By GEORGE ROBEY.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

GEORGE ROBEY confesses that he leads a double life. Desist! He means merely that a man's business life is one thing and his private life another. So it is with most. Robey, however, is reticent: his Janus heads—eyebrowed and not so eyebrowed—look not only both ways but round about. His book is irrefutable evidence of this.

First and foremost, there is George Robey, the servant of the public he has never failed; the Prime Minister of Mirth whose policy is the provision of a truly National programme; the great comic at whom anybody who is anybody has guffawed.

Then there is George Robey, the worker for charities, always willing to help, ever able to command the generous co-operation of fellow artistes; the Robey who not only donned the motley during the War, air-raids or no air-raids, to the hilarity of weary men and women who needed all the cheering-up they could get, but, in addition to acting as a Special, and, later, as an officer in the Volunteer Motor Transport Corps, laboured so finely and so strenuously, by giving concerts and individual performances for the wounded and the heavy-laden, that over £100,000 was realised. A phase, this, which, despite the consolation of success, was often heartrending; more especially, perhaps, after the Armistice, when there was Peace.

"In the December of 1919," Mr. Robey remembers, "I entertained a party of the patients of the Queen's Hospital at Sidcup in one of the large boxes at the Hippodrome, where the revue *Joy Bells* was then ringing its chimes. They were sailors and soldiers suffering from facial and jaw injuries, and many of them had been so disfigured that they had to be hidden from the public gaze. That night all the worst cases either sat behind the curtain or right at the back of the box, where they could see and not be seen. One had already endured thirty operations in having his face rebuilt." Yet there are still those who regard War as inevitable; still those who do nothing towards making it tabu! That is digression; but worth while in this age of talk without action and Conferences without confidence.

Then, George Robey, the sportsman—cricketer and member of the M.C.C.; player of "Rugger," "Soccer," and lawn tennis; boxer; sprinter; assegai-thrower capable of out-hurling, out-bull's-eyeing, the South African native; AND golfer, only to keep fit! "What I aim at is not going round in less than a hundred strokes but in less than a hundred minutes. 'Keep moving!'—that's my motto on the links. Before teeing off I address the caddies in the following terms: 'Ahem! Silence, please! Before we start this game I wish you to understand that my

thoroughly, and return to the club-house feeling years younger." Let it be added that lost balls are rarer than you might imagine!

Then, the virtuoso—the collector of stamps, armour, snuff-bottles, and china, especially Chinese blue and white; the photographer—and the artist; the ethnologist; the violin-maker. A word as to this. Mr. Robey explains: "Of late years much of my spare time has been spent in making fiddles. I developed it during the war, when I was acting in *The Bing Boys* at the Alhambra. In those days I used to spend hours on hours in my dressing-room during my waits to go on, and, as I simply hate being idle, I got rather miserable, till a wise lady who knew a lot about musical instruments said, 'Why not be a Stradivarius and make fiddles?' It sounded rather a large order, as they say, and perhaps that was what appealed to me. Anyway, I got busy." Now, Mr. Robey can boast that he has been complimented by having violins of his manufacture played to him by Ysaye and Kreisler.

Fifthly, lastly, and most important so far as the memoir-reader is concerned, Robey-Sit-by-the-Fire; Robey reminiscent, with tales of town, of tours, of stages at home and overseas; of practical

jokes, of showmanship—including his elephant-rides between his lodgings and the theatre for every performance of a Manchester pantomime—and, of course, of Ma, the landlady of the travelling pro., her "widdlerly" woes, her kindness, her infrequent pecuniary ways, her cruet: "It is not an unusual thing for a theatrical landlady to make a special charge for condiments, entering it in the bill as so much for 'cruet.' One lighthearted person, having paid his bill, walked off quickly to the railway station, taking the cruet with him in his bag. Just as the guard was signalling for the train to start, 'Ma' rushed on to the platform, tore along the side of the train, and found him. 'You've stolen my cruet!' she screamed. 'I haven't! I've bought it. There's the bill! Cruet gd.' And as the train moved off he threw the paper to her, and left her lamenting. But it was only a bit of his fun. He posted the cruet back to her from London." Equally of course, with stories of stars he has seen and stars with whom he has shared "Bills"—on a notable occasion for one night only!

It happened at an outlying London hall. Robey was then a pro.—"The Coming Man." He sang a song with the chorus:

My hat's a brown 'un,
A brown 'un, a brown 'un,
My hat's a brown 'un—
And don't I look a toff!

The music was so catchy that the "house" roared it the evening through: no matter whose "turn" it was, if there was a chorus it was "My Hat's a Brown 'Un." The artistes were not appreciative; nor was the manager. Robey was sacked—for having ruined the show! For once, he was not in a position to indulge in his favourite hobby—collecting queues: "I should like to mention one particular object which I have, so to speak, been picking up for more than forty years at the rate of from six to

fourteen a week. I value them highly and I collect them assiduously, but I never keep them . . . theatre queues. Of all my collected objects they are the ones I value most."

That was to be expected; for George Robey is essentially a pro. who takes his job seriously and revels in it. Up to the time of the writing of the memoirs I am "Appreciating," he had not missed a performance—and it is unlikely that he has been an absentee since. A proud record when it is recalled that he signed his first music-hall contract in London in 1891, after an extra-turn trial at the Oxford. This after a first-platform appearance as an amateur playing the mandoline; locally-won laurels for comic vocalism; batches of not altogether altruistic invitations

enabling the willing victim to note: "I dined and I wined and I warbled"; small-fee after-dinner singing engagements in private houses; and after brisk and breezy adventurings as an unpaid "subject," a supposed innocent, under the "fluence" of that Professor T. A. Kennedy whose "mesmerism" attracted both the curious and the laughter-lover to the old Aquarium at Westminster and to innumerable Rooms in the suburbs and the provinces. And, since that period, he has worked in London, about it, many miles from it, and many, many miles from it—in the halls as a comedian who can grip his public with a word, a wink, a look, or a "Shurrup!", by robust humour, and by that broad humanity that is the "common touch" so very highly commended in Kipling's "If"; in theatres presenting revues, musical comedies, and musical plays; in pantomime; in the studio and in the open for the screen. Did you know, by the way, that he has twice been "shot" as Sancho Panza?—in silence, and amid the rains of Keswick, with Jerrold Robertshaw as Quixote; and in the



GEORGE ROBEY SINGING "MY HAT'S A BROWN 'UN," A SONG SO CATCHY THAT ITS CHORUS WAS SUNG DURING OTHER "TURNS"; WITH THE RESULT THAT ROBEY WAS SACKED!

satisfaction of being thoroughly out of agreement with a Labour leader! He protested in the Johannesburg Council Chamber, and alone he protested, because the Mayor of the moment, being a man of discernment and of courtesy, had greeted Mr. Robey officially when he detained in the city with *Bits and Pieces*; and had not only gestured to the jester thus, but had connived in the drawing up of a Guard of Honour of Naval Brigade boys who, having been inspected with proper solemnity, had hauled the actor's car to his hotel while he sat back in state, bowing his acknowledgments to the crowd. The disgruntled one said: "I don't want to detract from the generous behaviour of Mr. Robey during the War, nor do I begrudge him his welcome to Johannesburg; but it's bitter to chew upon the fact that a comedian receives civic honours while, a few years ago, that white giant of civilisation, Keir Hardie, had to do his own receiving—of eggs and bricks!"



GEORGE ROBEY AS A STRADIVARI: FRITZ KREISLER, THE WORLD-FAMOUS VIOLINIST, PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT MADE BY GEORGE ROBEY; WHILE THE COMEDIAN STANDS ENTRANCED.

A vote of confidence in the Mayor. Any honour George Robey has been paid he has earned—and earned well. "Verb. sap., which is, being interpreted, 'Nuff said!'" E. H. G.



GEORGE ROBEY AS SHAKESPEARE, OF THE HIGH BROW; AND AS KING CHARLES II.

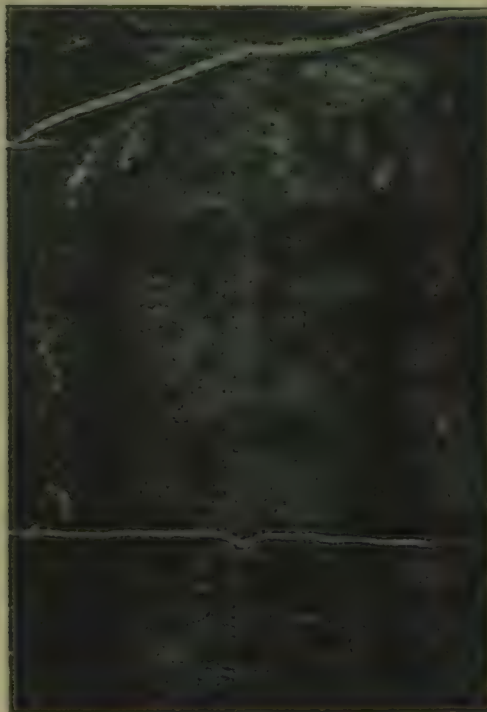
friend and I are two elderly gentlemen who are out for exercise. There's to be no dawdling, and no looking for lost balls. If my friend hits one into a furze-bush, or I slice one into a ditch, you are to put down another at once, so that we can carry on without interruption. If at any time you observe anything wrong with my stance, please keep it to yourself. I'm not out for advice, I'm out for a quick walk, with club-strokes thrown in. I'm too old to learn anything about this game. You understand? No tuition. No looking for lost balls. Just a good quick round! Then we start, enjoy ourselves

* "Looking Back on Life." By George Robey, C.B.E. With an Introduction, "Mr. Robey, Auctioneer," by Sir James Barrie, Bt., O.M. Illustrated. (Constable and Co.; 7s. 6d. net.)

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: HAPPENINGS ECCLESIASTICAL AND LAY.



THE HOLY SHROUD EXPOSED AT TURIN: THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL; WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY KNEELING BEFORE THE FAMOUS RELIC (WHICH IS THE PROPERTY OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY), AND THE PRINCESSES IN BLACK, HOLDING TAPERS.



THE FACE FROM THE HOLY SHROUD AS IT APPEARS IN A PHOTOGRAPHIC "NEGATIVE"; BUT REPRESENTING ALL THE APPEARANCE OF A "POSITIVE" PORTRAIT.



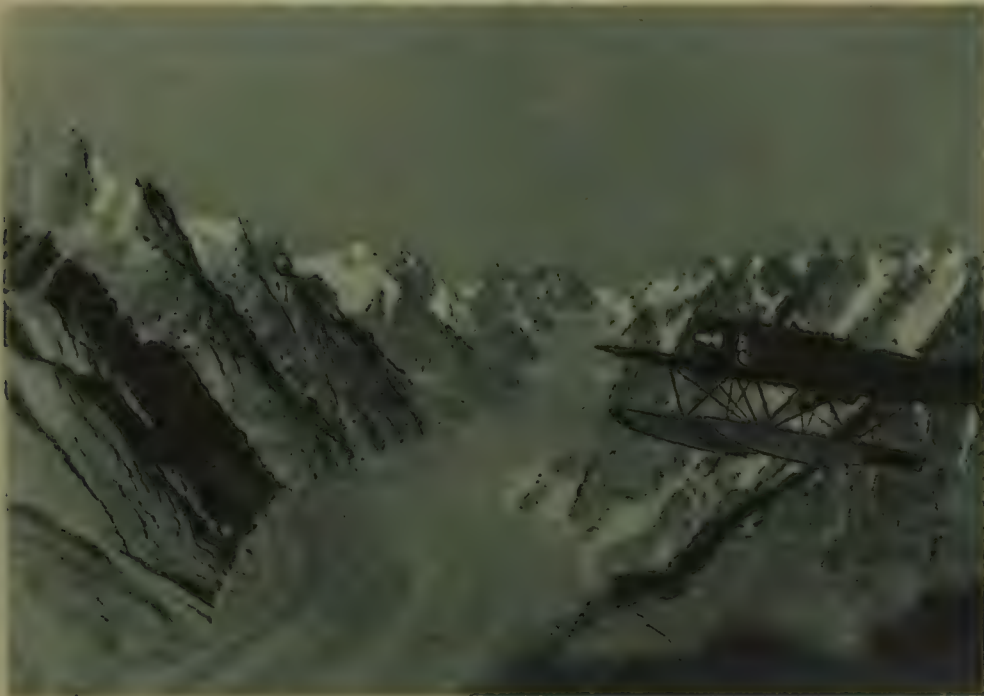
AN EVENT RARELY, IF EVER, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE: DOMINICAN NOVICES PROSTRATING THEMSELVES UPON TAKING THEIR RENUNCIATORY VOWS AND THEIR HABITS.

The American correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "This is one of the first photographs ever taken of the first taking of their vows and habits by novices in the Dominican fraternity. The picture was obtained in the chapel of the Dominican novitiate at Ross, in Marin County, when twenty-one young men prostrated themselves on the floor and renounced the world. The ceremony is believed to be seven centuries old. Seated at the Altar is the Very Reverend J. B. Connolly, Provincial of the Dominicans in the West."

The Holy Shroud was taken from the Cathedral treasury at Turin and exposed in the building and on its steps on September 25. The Crown Prince Humbert and his wife, Princess Marie José, attended the ceremony; the presence of Italian royalty being essential, since this precious relic of the Passion is the property of the House of Savoy. It will be remembered that we stated in our issue of May 9, 1931, when we illustrated the Shroud fully: "The relic is of especial interest from a scientific point of view, because, when it was photographed in 1898, the stains on it, which roughly represent a human body, proved to be themselves photographically negative, so that the plates, on being developed, showed the clear likeness of a human face, which, if the Shroud is really what it claims to be, would be the face of Jesus Christ Himself . . . This time every possible scientific test is to be applied. 'The Holy Shroud,' writes the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Barnes, 'is a long piece of ancient linen, yellowish brown in colour, being unbleached. It much resembles the linen found in the wrappings of the Egyptian mummies. It is 14 ft. long and about 3½ ft. in breadth. On this long sheet there are darker stains, reddish brown in colour, suggesting the double figure, back and front, of a man, about 5 ft. 10 in. in height. The two figures are head to head, with an interval of about six inches between. The traditional five wounds are clearly marked, darker and redder than the rest.'"



SHOWING THE FACE AND FIGURE (SEEN IN THE LOWER HALF) IN "NEGATIVE": THE WHOLE SHROUD, WITH THE STAINS AS THEY APPEAR UPON IT—REDDISH IN COLOUR ON A YELLOWISH SHEET—FORMING, PHOTOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING, A "NEGATIVE" IMAGE; THAT IS, THE SHADING BEING THE REVERSE OF WHAT WE SEE IN LIFE.



DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERIES IN GREENLAND: THE NEW MOUNTAIN RANGE BEING SURVEYED FROM THE AIR, DURING A SEASON VERY FAVOURABLE FOR EXPLORATION.

During a season very favourable for exploration, Dr. Lauge Koch confirmed the existence of a chain of mountains in North Greenland. He made a series of flights from Norske Island, seeing large tracts of new land, in place of the expected Greenland Continental ice-cap. The members of the expedition on board the steamer "Gedthaab" also discovered the longest and the deepest fjord in the world. This, called the Vestfjord, was over, 4500 ft. in depth, and in its length nearly 200 miles in extent.



THE FLOODS IN DENVER, COLORADO: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF WATER SURGING DOWN A STREET IN LEAPING BILLOWS.

The American correspondent who sends us this extraordinary photograph notes: "Flood waters from Cherry Creek and the South Platte River swept Denver for the second time this summer, taking two lives and causing damage estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars. This picture of Cherry Creek shows the tremendous force of the water as it moved through the city."

THE EXCALIBUR OF INDIA: SHIVAJI'S SWORD "BHAWANI"?

The beautiful Indian sword illustrated on this page is fully described by Mr. E. F. Allnutt in his very interesting article below. He also tells how it was found, and why it is considered to be the very sword "Bhawani" wielded by the great Mahratta hero, Shivaji. In this connection it is of interest to add that the Shri Shivaji Memorial Hall and Preparatory Military School at Poona, constituting the memorial to Shivaji, was opened on September 21 by Sir Frederick Sykes, the Governor of Bombay. The Governor said that the Shivaji Memorial was designed to commemorate the services of the Mahrattas in the Great War, and that it was a happy thought to associate the movement with the name of Shivaji, under whose guidance Mahratta influence reached its height and spread over India.

A DISCOVERY of great historical importance was made a while ago in the form of a sword which bears presumptive evidence of being the famous "Bhawani" of Shivaji. Appropriately enough, the find was made in Poona by a well-known Bombay resident, Khan Bahadur Bomanji D. Pudumji, who purchased it some years ago, together with a number of oddments at an

[Continued below.]



ARMOUR BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN SHIVAJI'S: RELICS OF THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HINDU NATIONAL HERO, WHO FOUNDED THE MAHRATTA POWER AND DEFIED THE MOGUL EMPERORS.

auction sale. At the time it was not believed that anything of importance was included in the items purchased, but subsequent examination disclosed that the sword showed signs of having a gold damascened hilt. In 1912 it was sent to a prominent Bombay expert in Arms and Armour, Mr. D. P. Moos, with instructions to remove the rust and dirt with which it was covered. Cleaning resulted in the discovery of an inlaid gold inscription on the blade, together with incised marks which suggested that it was actually Shivaji's personal sword "Bhawani," of which the whereabouts were till then unknown. The inscription is in the Devnagari character, and one of the letters composing it is of a style which differs from modern Maharashtra script and has been obsolete for 200 years or so, being met with only in old MSS. This in itself is indicative of the weapon's age. In addition to the inscription, which reads "Chhatrapati Maharaja Shivaji," which may be freely rendered as "Illustrious Maharaja Shivaji," the engraved marks are such as can be definitely associated with Shivaji, and documentary evidence has been found in certain of Shivaji's letters which supports the contention that the sword under consideration is the famous "Bhawani" of Maharashtra history. The inscription is pronounced to be ancient by no less an authority than Professor Dr. S. K. Belvelkar, M.A., Ph.D., of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute,

[Continued above on right.]



ARMOUR THAT WAS PROBABLY WORN BY THE MAHRATTA HERO, SHIVAJI; INCLUDING TWO TIGER'S CLAWS: RELICS OF A HERO WHOSE MEMORIAL WAS OPENED AT POONA ON SEPTEMBER 21.

the falcion Excalibur is associated with King Arthur. Every Indian schoolboy reads the history of Shivaji and knows of his famous stand against Mogul domination, which has raised him, among Hindus, to a position corresponding to that of a national hero. Discovery, therefore, of the actual sword which enters so prominently into the story of his exploits must be regarded as an event of great importance to India. The blade, which is of the "Tegha" shape characteristic of Mahratta swords, is of a very rare quality of flexible "Mughrib" steel, such as was used only for swords of great intrinsic value. It has a broad, curved blade, slightly concave in the middle and single-edged except to within about 9 inches from the point, where it is double-edged. The length of the blade, measured along the curve from the point to hilt, is 2 ft. 4½ in. The tang

छत्रपति महाराजा श्रीवाजी

THE INSCRIPTION INLAIN
IN GOLD ON THE
BLADE - IN DEVNAGARI
CHARACTERS.



THE CRESCENT MOON MARKS ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE BLADE, ONE FACING EAST, THE OTHER WEST, PERHAPS SYMBOLIC OF PROSPERITY

and the emblems of the crescent moon which are stamped in several positions upon the blade are authenticated to have been private marks used by Shivaji. In this connection, it is interesting to compare the veiled allusion made in a letter written by Shivaji to Raja Jaisingh. The last two paragraphs of this letter, as translated by Mr. N. H. Pandia, M.A., LL.B., and published in the volume entitled "Shivaji Souvenir," issued by the Shivaji Tercentenary Celebration Committee, read as follows: "Or if this letter does not appeal to thee, then indeed I am ready with my sword to deal with thy army. To-morrow the moment the sun shall conceal his face behind the evening cloud the crescent

moon of my sword shall flash forth. That is all. God be with thee." It is difficult to escape the conclusion that by the "crescent moon" Shivaji here alluded to the curved blade of his Talwar, as well as to the marks of the crescent moon as they appear on the blade. The latter allusion also exists in the form of a script which reads: "Like the increase of the new moon from the first day, so all the world obeys and worships the seal of Shivaji Raja, the son of Shaji Raja." The marks on the blade of the sword show two crescent moons, one facing east and the other west, probably symbolising the prosperity of Shivaji's rule from east to west. Other marks show the full, three-quarter, and half moon, and seem to emphasise the symbolism contained in the larger marks. Tradition has it that the "Bhawani" weapon was presented to Shivaji by the Goddess Bhawani for the purpose of making him invincible in battle, and it became associated with Indian legends connected with Shivaji, in much the same way that

[Continued below on left.]

THE SWORD BELIEVED TO BE SHIVAJI'S PERSONAL SWORD "BHAWANI": A BEAUTIFUL BLADE, 2 FT. 4½ IN. LONG.

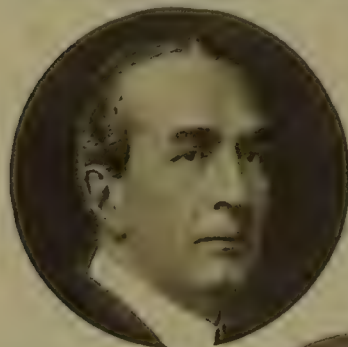
is 21-8 in. wide, broadening higher up to about 3 inches. The hilt is beautifully chased with small gold flowers. Khan Bahadur Pudumji was naturally very interested in his discovery, and sufficiently enthusiastic to make the most exhaustive enquiries into its history, and to his efforts in this direction must be ascribed a great deal of the information that has come to light. It is clear that a relic of such importance ought not to be allowed to leave India, more especially as it is so intimately associated with much that goes to inspire Indian patriotism. It goes without saying that many private collectors and national museums would be glad to acquire an historical relic of such unique importance as Shivaji's own personal sword, but it would be regrettable if, owing to lack of interest, the weapon should be allowed to leave Indian territory.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. DOLLFUSS (CENTRE) WITH THE MEMBERS OF HIS NEW NON-PARTY GOVERNMENT.

The members of the new non-party Cabinet (formed on Sept. 21) seen in the above photograph are (seated, l. to r.) Herr Schuschnigg, Education and Justice, Herr Stockinger, Trade and Communications; Herr Ender, without portfolio; Major Fey, Vice-Chancellor; Dr. Dollfuss, Chancellor, Foreign Affairs, Defence, Public Security, and Agriculture; Herr Buresch, Finance; Herr Schmitz, Minister for Social Administration; Herr Kerber, without portfolio. At the back are the Under-Secretaries of State.



MR. S. M. BRUCE.

Appointed Australian High Commissioner in London, Sept. 21. Had been in London for some time in his capacity of Cabinet Minister. His known financial ability makes his position in London of great importance at a time when Australia is taking steps to reduce the burden of her interest payments abroad.

MR. C. TE WATER.

South African High Commissioner in London. Elected President at the fourteenth meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, Sept. 25. Secured thirty votes to the twenty given to Don Castillo Najera; though Mr. Te Water's was an eleventh-hour candidature.



MAJOR COCHRAN-PATRICK.

Killed in an aeroplane crash at Baragwanath, South Africa, with Sir Michael Oppenheimer, Bt. Engaged on air survey work in South America, Burma, Africa, and the Middle East since 1919. A director of two African aircraft companies.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "NANCHANG" CAPTURED BY CHINESE PIRATES: MESSRS. BLUE, JOHNSON, AND HARGRAVES AFTER THEIR RELEASE (L. TO R.; DISTINGUISHED BY BEARDS).

The release of Chief Officer Johnson, Second Officer Hargraves, and Second Engineer Blue, who were carried off from the steamer "Nanchang" by pirates in March, was announced on Sept. 7. The pirates themselves had been attacked by bandits who carried off their captives. The

Japanese tried many methods, including the holding of the bandits' relatives as hostages; but in the end a ransom was paid—a sum whose amount was not revealed—after the prisoners had been held captive for twenty-three weeks.



MRS. BESANT.

President of the Theosophical Society. Died Sept. 20; aged eighty-five. She exalted Hinduism and condemned the British administration in India as one of the worst manifestations of the "materialism of the West." Later, however, her influence waned.



THE BECHUANALAND FLOGGING CASE; VICE-ADMIRAL EVANS (SECOND FROM LEFT), ABOUT TO FLY TO SEROWE.

The Bechuanaland flogging case was illustrated by a number of extremely interesting photographs of Chief Tshekedi and his people in our last issue. Vice-Admiral Evans, Acting High Commissioner, travelled north by special train from Simonstown. The enquiry was held at Palapye Road; an escort of marines and seamen was given to the High Commissioner, who flew to Serowe to proclaim the suspension of Tshekedi.

MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON.

The well-known novelist. Died Sept. 24; aged fifty-eight. With her husband, the late C. N. Williamson, one of the first novelists to use motoring as a background. A great traveller, and an energetic charity worker.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD.

The well-known actress Mrs. H. B. Irving, and the original "Tilly." Died Sept. 24; aged sixty. Was the original Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan." Left the stage in 1912; devoting herself to infant welfare work.



M. OSCAR DU-FRENNE.

The Parisian theatrical magnate; manager of the Casino de Paris and the Palace Theatre. Found murdered at the latter on Sept. 25. He was apparently killed while a talking film was in progress; and his body was found rolled in a rug.



SIR ELSLEY CARR PRESENTING THE PRIZE TO PERCY ALLISS, WINNER OF THE £1040 GOLF COMPETITION.

P. Alliss, of the Beaconsfield Club, defeated M. Seymour (seen on right of photograph), of Crow Wood, Glasgow, by 5 and 4 in the thirty-six-hole final of the "News of the World" £1040 tournament at Purley Downs on Sept. 22. P. Alliss's victory was by no means an easy one. At the twenty-second hole Seymour was actually one up. His lead, however, was short-lived; Alliss seeming to gain new vigour, and winning six out of the next ten holes.



MR. ERIC FIDDIAN, WHO HOLED OUT TWICE IN ONE (LEFT); AND MR. J. MCLEAN, WINNER OF THE IRISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Irish Open Amateur Championship was decided in a most memorable match at Newcastle (Co. Down) on Sept. '23. Eric Fiddian (Stourbridge) twice holed out in one during the thirty-six-hole match; yet lost to J. McLean, the Scottish champion, by 3 and 2. The feat of twice holing-out from the tee in thirty-six holes is not without precedent, but Fiddian's performance sets up a record for championship golf.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW PLAY.

THE production of a new play by Mr. Somerset Maugham in our theatre is an event of first importance claiming serious attention and demanding considered criticism. Not only is he a novelist of universal distinction, but an established dramatist whose powers of characterisation and narrative are in themselves a justification for lively anticipation and a promise that the movement on the stage will not lack effectiveness or credibility. The outlook centred in the end of the brilliant opening act of "Sheppey," at Wyndham's, stimulated anticipation into excitement; for had he not essayed a theme so great, a subject so profound in its dramatic possibilities, a problem so significant for our present generation, that at once both hope and doubt arose as to whether the playwright could bring it to fulfilment? This figure of Sheppey was no shadowy outline, no sentimental creature, no mere crank or fool which we must suffer for the sake of the subject, but a plain, honest hairdresser's assistant in Jermyn Street who has the luck to win an Irish Sweepstake prize. The character is wholly vital; his simple, homely, lovable nature is evident from the outset, and his conversion is as comprehensible as his character. Like Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, under the impact of shock he too sees a white light from Heaven and is transfigured. Now we are aware of the sublimity of the subject, for this is none other than a Jesus of Nazareth in our present-day world. It is a subject that playwrights have attempted, but never more than theatrical effectiveness has been attained. Mr. Maugham surmounted the first difficulty—that of creating a living human being who could fit the idealisation—with conquering power and craftsmanship. The greater difficulty was to come.

And what are the gifts Mr. Maugham brings to his work? An incisive pen that will not suffer thought to be clouded

hem of His garment" should have been the spiritual desire. But the power is not with him, but is transferred to those around him. The whole character of the play changes and the tone drops, so that instead of awe there is only levity, and the beauty of Sheppey's character is only disfigured. What a soulless unregenerate world Sheppey lives in, and its worst expression is through the daughter. There are no reliefs in this uncompromising study. Miss Angela Baddeley and Mr. Eric Portman as the son-in-law are fierce to the point of violent dislike, but Miss Cecily Oates offers, as the wife, redeeming virtues that make her more than a theatrical foil. Mr. Ralph Richardson builds up a portrait of an idealist that is only robbed of sublimity by the author's mood. It is a rare performance by the actor, yet we do not chiefly remember it. And why? Because too often dialogue offends by its aggressiveness, too often sensibilities are outraged by utterances that shock, for hysteria blots the theme. There are sanctities that should be safe from such assaults. Admit the play's theatrical merits—its structural strength, its subtle Scriptural parallels, its astute juxtaposition of characters, its biographical history of Sheppey down to the moving yet enigmatic death scene, its high lights skilfully employed by Miss Laura Cowie with vivid effect—admit all these and more, yet Sheppey somehow falls below its promise; for tragedy is reduced to irony and poetry to adroit prose. As a piece for the theatre it is brilliantly done; as a drama it fails to realise the sublimity of the Gospel story wherein it is rooted, and in place of exaltation offers only a disillusion born of despair.

A GREAT "LITTLE" ACTRESS: MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT.

I wonder whether she remembers it? It was on a Sunday morning, some thirty years ago, when she sat in my study and shed a bitter little tear that she, Haidee Wright, the sister of two famous actors, Fred and Huntley Wright, could not get on because she did not impress managers, because she had not the nerve to speak up for herself; because, she said, she was so small and insignificant. She was a tiny little woman, yet in that then-careworn face I read a wealth of will and character. She said suddenly, raising herself in such determination that her smallness vanished in the dignity of her demeanour: "But I mean to 'get there.'" At that moment her voice revealed a wonderful timbre. I still hear it: like the delicate vibration of organ-music; it was a strange mixture of sonorousness and power, the same impressive note that, many years later, lifted her to fame in Maugham's daring play, "The Unknown," in which, in despair, she challenged the power of God. "That voice of yours," I made bold to prophesy, "that tragic note which none of our actresses possesses, will be your making. Don't despair; your day will come." After which, wreathed in that exquisitely

tender smile of hers that illuminated the dark little room, she took her departure, and I felt somehow that my words had shed balm on to her soul and that sooner or later my prognostication would prove right. Nor did it occur suddenly. For a long span, Miss Haidee Wright was still often out of engagement, or given small character-parts. But her prestige grew. Her work had a particular finish; in parts of an acerb nature she, as it were, etched her words in acid punctuation, and as she uttered them her frail,



"BELOW THE SEA," THE NEW FILM AT THE REGAL, MARBLE ARCH: FAY WRAY, AS A DIVER, AND RALPH BELLAMY IN A STORY OF A SEARCH FOR LOST TREASURE.

In "Below the Sea," the scoundrelly captain of a U-boat (turned merchant skipper after the war) plans to raise the gold which sank in his submarine. In the end the bullion is lost, and the ex-U-boat-captain is drowned through his own machinations against the hero. The hero and the heroine (Ralph Bellamy and Fay Wray) are happily united.

small figure grew by inches; she was always somebody—a "She-who-must-be-obeyed" and listened to. Then came "The Unknown," the evening of her revelation, and anon her masterpiece, the Queen Elizabeth in Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare." That creation lives indelibly in the mind of all who have seen it; it elicited from many critics the word "great." Writing about it, many thought not only of Queen Elizabeth, but of that other great little woman whose awe-inspiring dignity and superiority curbed to deference all who approached her—Queen Victoria.

And now in "The Distaff Side," by John Van Druten, she has again found a characterisation which, although outwardly far less flamboyant than the two referred to, is equally remarkable in the manifestation of her great talent. Again she plays a Queen; not the ruler of a realm, but the head of a well-to-do household, a spoilt child, accustomed to the subservience of her children and grandchildren; the central figure, clinging to traditions, habits, to the everlasting homage by all around her, punctilious to the smallest detail, from the chair that is hers to the uncontradicted approval of her every utterance—the incarnation of the tyranny of age, but unaware of her supremacy otherwise than by her instinct that "so it was and so it should be." When, at length, there smoulders in the family rebellion which suddenly breaks into flame, she feigns that she does not notice it. She heads the conventional procession to the dinner-table in stoic precedence as if nothing had happened. For her, there is but one world—her own. What happens to her surroundings leaves her indifferent. Miss Haidee Wright plays this part with exquisite finesse. There is a touch of criticism in her every utterance, and if she does not speak, there is in the curve of her lips an expression of disdainful reproach that stands for volumes of words. And yet, deep down in this remarkable creation, burrows a suppressed feeling that she apprehends the advent of new ideas that will undo her dictatorship, that heralds the end of her world and its ways, and makes her long for her hour to come. It is in this suppression of her soul that lies the meaning and the magnificence of Miss Wright's acting. Only a great actress can convey a picture of parental influence so vivid and so true, yet so sad despite its superficial glamour.



MARLENE DIETRICH IN HER COUNTRY-GIRL STAGE IN "THE SONG OF SONGS," NOW AT THE CARLTON: A ROMANTIC FILM WHICH CENTRES ROUND THE LOVE OF LILY FOR A YOUNG SCULPTOR.

Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and the young sculptor, Richard Waldow (Brian Aherne), fall deeply in love. Lily, through Richard's self-sacrifice, is able to marry Baron von Merzbach, a rich connoisseur. Only after many vicissitudes do the young couple start life again—this time together.

by woolly platitudes nor permit character to be undermined by false accents, a grip of character that penetrates beneath the surface and gets down to the roots of being, a swift sense of narrative which keeps a story continually interesting, and a mastery of craftsmanship that can take full advantage of every opportunity and exploit every situation. To these must be added a caustic wit and a passionate indignation. Are these gifts enough? Idealism demands more than the equipment of the satirist if it is to tread the stage. Mr. Maugham's genius is at its best when he whips human folly and stupidity; and in "Sheppey" this is the drift of his aim. It is here that the promise of the play goes on the rocks. The spirit, the potentiality, and the vision which set the action in motion give place to satire and gall. Sheppey was only to be sustained by a miracle of sympathetic imagination, by an illumination of his soul influencing his surroundings. "To touch the



MARLENE DIETRICH IN THE CABARET-SINGER STAGE IN "THE SONG OF SONGS": LILY FINDS HERSELF AGAIN IN THE STUDIO OF HER FORMER LOVER, THE SCULPTOR WALDOW.

LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Edmund Blampied.



"THE PARTING."



"THE MANNEQUIN."

We here continue our second series of drawings by Blampied. We have already given drawings showing archery competitions, yacht-racing, two contrasting studies of infant Londoners, studies made at Covent Garden and Billingsgate,

small dramas of life in the middle classes, the art-school, divers ways of passing an enjoyable evening, and "father" in the home. On this page are seen two rituals—the one essentially masculine, the other essentially feminine.



AIRCRAFT USING THE CLOUDS AS COVER DURING AN ATTACK ON THE "ENEMY" FLEET: NO. 40 BOMBING SQUADRON, OF THE "BLUE" COAST-DEFENCE FORCE, OVER A WAR-SHIP OF THE "RED" NAVY APPROACHING THE COAST OF FIFE TO BOMBARD THE TOWN OF ELIE.



WHAT AN "ENEMY" FLEET HAS TO EXPECT FROM COAST-DEFENCE AIRCRAFT: LOADING A TORPEDO INTO A BLACKBURN HIRON—A MACHINE TRANSFERRED FROM H.M.S. "FURIOUS" (AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER OF THE "RED" ATTACKING FLEET) TO THE DEFENDING "BLUE" FORCE.

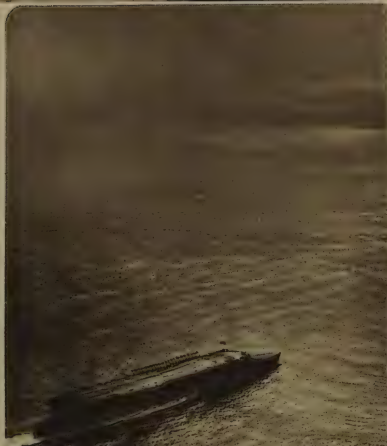
The idea of defending a coastal base by aircraft alone, against an attacking fleet, was tested for the first time during the combined manoeuvres of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force off the coast of Fife. The scheme of operations provided for the bombardment of Elie, a seaside town, by a "Red" naval force (the Home Fleet), including the two aircraft-carriers "Courageous" and "Furious," and for attacks on this fleet by a "Blue" coast-defence force consisting entirely of aeroplanes. The "war" began at noon on September 22. First of all, single aeroplanes came in from the

fleet seeking to damage aerodromes and to make a reconnaissance. Meanwhile the defending aircraft proceeded to sea and located all the ships, which they kept under observation till dusk. During the night, however, the "enemy" fleet had an opportunity to change formation and take up new positions, so that the land aeroplanes had a fresh problem to solve next day, when the "Battle" of May Island was fought. At the moment of writing, the results have not been fully estimated, but it was suggested that the prescribed time and distance limits favoured the aeroplanes, and they should

THE FIRST TRIAL OF COAST DEFENCE BY AIRCRAFT: THE "BATTLE" OF MAY ISLAND—THE R.A.F. DEFENDS A TOWN AGAINST THE NAVY AND ITS AIRCRAFT.



BOMBERS ATTACKING THE "RED" FLEET: A PHASE OF THE "BATTLE" OF MAY ISLAND—(ON RIGHT) THREE WAR-SHIPS ZIG-ZAGGING (AS INDICATED BY THEIR WAKES); THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS "COURAGEOUS" (LEFT FOREGROUND) AND "FURIOUS," AND (BEYOND) DESTROYERS, SPEEDING TO THEIR AID.



"SPOTTING" THE APPROACH OF AN "ENEMY" FLEET: A "BLUE" COAST-DEFENCE AIRCRAFT (LEFT) AND "COURAGEOUS" (RIGHT), WITH THEIR ATTENDANT DESTROYERS.



DEFENCE AIRCRAFT (TOP RIGHT) LOCATING THE "RED" AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS (RIGHT), WITH THEIR ATTENDANT DESTROYERS.

be tested again in harder conditions. Elie was successfully "bombarded" by the "Red" fleet, but at heavy cost, as the ships were subjected to intensive torpedo and bombing attack by the "Blue" aircraft. The mimic fights between the aeroplanes and the ships provided a stirring spectacle. The duty of the fleet's aircraft-carriers was to send out machines to report the departure of "Blue" aeroplanes from their bases, intercept them if possible, and bomb aerodromes. The shore aircraft made spectacular attacks upon the fleet.



MODERN METHODS OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN A WAR-SHIP'S COMMANDER AND HIS CREW: A SEAMAN RECEIVING ORDERS FROM THE BRIDGE DURING THE COMBINED NAVAL AND AERIAL MANOEUVRES OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST.

BY LAND, SEA, AND AIR: CEREMONIES AND AN ADVENTURE.



A NEW MOTOR-LIFEROAT SPECIALLY BUILT FOR WORK ON THE GOODWIN SANDS:
THE "CHARLES DIBDIN"—A LAUNCHING CEREMONY AT WALMER.

The new motor-lifeboat, "Charles Dibdin," presented to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution by the Civil Service Lifeboat Fund, and stationed at Walmer, was launched there on September 21. She was dedicated by the Bishop of Dover and named by Lady Southborough, wife of Lord Southborough, Chairman of the Fund. Those present included Lord Reading and Sir Godfrey Baring, Chairman of the Institution. The boat displaces three sailing lifeboats.



SAFE AFTER A NIGHT IN THE CHANNEL: THE GERMAN SEAPLANE CATAPULTED
FROM THE "BREMEN" BEING TOWED TO MOORINGS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

After an all-night search in the Channel by war-ships and aircraft for the missing mail-carrying seaplane catapaulted from the German liner "Bremen" on September 21, it arrived safely next day at the Woolston seaplane station, Southampton. The pilot had lost his bearings after flying 620 miles, and, alighting at dusk near a French fishing-boat, found they were in mid-Channel off Ushant. The boat towed the seaplane until it took off again and flew to Southampton.



MR. DE VALERA IN MILITARY MOOD: TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF IRISH
FREE STATE TROOPS IN PHENIX PARK.



IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS IN HELMETS OF GERMAN TYPE: A PARADE INSPECTED
BY MR. DE VALERA (IN DARK CLOAK, ON HORSEBACK).



A SCENE REMINISCENT OF THE WAR AND SUGGESTING A GERMAN OCCUPATION OF IRELAND! TROOPS OF THE IRISH FREE STATE ARMY, WEARING HELMETS RECALLING
THOSE OF THE GERMANS, MARCHING THROUGH DUBLIN TO PHENIX PARK TO BE REVIEWED BY MR. DE VALERA.

After the week's manoeuvres of the Irish Free State Army, a great military review was held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Saturday, September 23, when the troops were inspected by Mr. de Valera. Accompanied by Mr. Frank Aiken, the Free State Minister of Defence, Mr. de Valera took the salute at the march-past. There were about five thousand troops on parade, and a large crowd assembled

to watch the proceedings. It will be noted that the steel helmets worn by the Irish Free State infantry are of a type very similar to those of the German Army during the war. The lower photograph, showing part of the Irish forces on the march through Dublin towards Phoenix Park, is distinctly reminiscent of a war-time scene, and rather suggests a German occupation of Ireland!



THE WORK OF BEAVERS ON AN ISLAND IN THE RHÔNE: THREE POPLAR TREES FELLED—EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION; PROBABLY TO PREVENT THEIR BRANCHES FROM BECOMING ENTANGLED.

MOST of our readers will have childhood memories of the beaver. "The industrious woodman and sagacious engineer of the Canadian wilds," the nursery natural histories called him; but the beaver once abounded in Europe (names like Beverley, Beversbrook, Beaverbourne, and, in France, the river Bièvre bear witness to this). He survived into the nineteenth century in lonely valleys, and is still to be found on some European rivers. But the beavers remaining in the rivers of the Old World live in burrows in the banks (instead of constructing dams and lodges), and have ceased to exhibit in any concrete way the industry and sagacity that warmed the moralising hearts of the writers of the natural histories mentioned. It is probable that, originally, European beavers were similar as regards their habits to the American ones; but that, as a result of reduced numbers and the constant persecution undergone, their building propensity has been lost. Another interesting fact is that one of the reasons for which the famous dams are constructed in Canada is to obtain sufficient depth of water to allow the animals to swim about under the ice in search of food in winter. Consequently,



EUROPEAN BEAVERS, WHO FOR GENERATIONS HAVE EXISTED PRECARIOUSLY IN BURROWS, REVERT TO WHAT WERE PROBABLY THEIR ANCESTRAL HABITS ON AN ISLAND SANCTUARY IN THE RHÔNE: A LARGE LODGE CONSTRUCTED BY THE ANIMALS (LEFT CENTRE); AND TWO SMALLER LODGES, INDICATED BY SMALL MOUNDS TO THE LEFT OF THIS—SHOWN CLEARLY IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THE RHÔNE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY LOW.



BEAVERS AS ENGINEERS ON THE RHÔNE: A LIGHT DAM CONSTRUCTED BY THE ANIMALS (FROM MUD, STONES, AND INTERLACED BRANCHES) INDICATED BY THE ROW OF TWIGS PROTRUDING ABOVE WATER IN THE FOREGROUND, AND A STOUTER DAM MADE OF STAKES FIXED IN THE EARTH AND INTERLACED WITH BRANCHES (CENTRE)—WORKS WHICH SHELTER THE MOUTH OF THE BEAVERS' BURROW (BETWEEN THE TWO DAMS) FROM THE SWIFT CURRENT; AND ALSO, IT IS SUGGESTED, CREATE A BACK EDDY WHICH THE ANIMALS CAN USE TO BRING THEM TO THE MOUTH OF THEIR BURROW WHEN MANŒUVRING WITH MATERIAL.

BEAVERS REVERT TO "ICE-AGE" HABITS:

DAMS AND LODGES BEGUN ON THE RHÔNE BY ANIMALS THAT HAVE BEEN SHY BURROW-DWELLERS FOR GENERATIONS.

some naturalists have suggested that, as the climate of Europe grew gradually milder, following the last Ice Age, and sheet ice on European rivers rarer, the European beavers lost this inducement to construct dams. If that has indeed been the case, the story which our pictures illustrate becomes increasingly remarkable. The last few surviving couples of beavers on the Rhône, living under the protection of a human friend of their race, are gradually reverting to what were probably their ancestral methods. After generations of burrow-dwelling, they have started building dams and lodges once more! On the Rhône, at a point about opposite Orange, M. Charles Michel-Côte owns



THE BEAVER AS WOODMAN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHÔNE: A LOG READY FOR REMOVAL LYING OVER THE END OF A SAPLING, FROM WHICH THE TENDER BARK HAS BEEN GNAWED (LEFT CENTRE); AND (RIGHT CENTRE) A LOG HALF-WAY DOWN THE BANK.

beavers. Their work is disconcertingly thorough! Three poplar trees (shown in our first illustration) have been felled, each one in a different direction, so that they can be cut up into the required lengths of about four feet without the beavers being hampered by their branches becoming entangled! The felled trees measure each about 2 ft. 3 in. round. At the time of writing, there are three lodges at the extremity of the island. The beavers have also thrown up a sort of tower entirely covered with chips of wood laid flat. The keepers say that it is here the animals come to dry themselves when their work is done! One of our photographs shows a lodge whose entrance hole is in the river bank, under water when the Rhône is at its normal height. This, a sort of

an island of moderate size in the river, L'Ile des Faisans. Near here—and not five miles away from the line which carries the Blue Train and its sophisticated freight to their destinations on the Riviera—some of the last beavers in Western Europe are reverting to their ancestral, one might say their Glacial, habits. It is at the tail of the Ile des Faisans, "streamlined" by the strong current, that the beavers have installed themselves. A little island, prolongation of the larger one, has caught their fancy, and at the downstream end of this island they have built two small dams which create an area of slack water by deflecting the current from the mouth of their burrow. The French writer M. Pierre Mille, describing the beaver settlement on L'Ile des Faisans (in *L'Illustration*), goes on to say: "Behind the breakwater afforded by these dams, the beavers, manœuvring with the logs that they have cut for their use, allow themselves to be taken in by the back eddy, which carries them towards their burrows; and thus they reach it in slack water. The more distant dam is constructed of mud, small pebbles, stakes, and interlaced branches. The dam nearest the burrow is made of five or six big branches fixed in the earth, with smaller branches worked in between them. On the banks can be seen the trees that have been felled by these

tunnel, is fitted up with bits of wood, which find a rough parallel in the timbers of a gallery in a mine. There are points on this stretch of the Rhône where the beavers have never died out, but so far it is only on the Ile des Faisans that they have resumed building."



A PLACE WHICH, IT IS THOUGHT, IS USED BY THE BEAVERS AS A DRYING-GROUND FOR THEMSELVES AFTER THEIR WORK IN THE WATER IS FINISHED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ALSO THE ENTRANCE TO A BURROW WHICH IS NORMALLY BELOW WATER-LEVEL.



SURFING IN THE WARM WATERS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN AND SUN-BATHING ON SOUTH AFRICAN SANDS: BASKING AT HUMEWOOD, PORT ELIZABETH.

Most understandably, South Africa is famous for the charm of its seaboard and the numerous resorts that grace it between the Cape of Good Hope and the shores of Natal. Witness: this illustration, a picture of Humewood, a delightful locality two miles from Port Elizabeth, the central port of South Africa, which lies in a wide indentation known as Algoa Bay, is one of the busiest harbours in the country, and is a city notable historically in that it was founded by British settlers who left the United Kingdom in 1820 after the Napoleonic Wars. This hardy band of immigrants landed

on the shores of Port Elizabeth—then desolate—and gradually settled in what are now the prosperous districts of the Cape Midlands and the Eastern Province. The story of their trials and fortitude is one of the epics of pioneering; and their descendants, who number many thousands, occupy an important place in the South Africa of to-day. As to Humewood, this is one of the playgrounds of Port Elizabeth, and its wide, open beach, which shelves gently down to the breakers, is a perfect surfing and sun-bathing venue. For that reason, it is not surprising to be told that the locality is

equipped with excellent hotels; and that the numerous beauty spots close by—such as Happy Valley—are frequented by visitors who are able to camp out in the open air in the mild climate of the South African summer. In addition, there is a splendid golf course near at hand; and further along the coast there are noted fishing marks and estuaries which provide the angler with excellent sport. Port Elizabeth is also a jumping-off point for motor-tours through some of the loveliest woodland country in Southern Africa; and it is within easy hail of the delightful citrus groves in the

Sunday's River Valley. Can it be a matter for wonder that the South African holiday, which enables the dweller in Europe to travel from summer to summer, has become increasingly popular, large parties of tourists leaving these shores for the golden land of the South as soon as the northern winter approaches? All of which reminds one that a number of special tours at reduced rates are arranged for the winter months; and that the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, will be pleased to assist our readers with full information.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE MYSTERIES OF DEER-ANTLERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOSE who have the good fortune to live within easy reach of a herd of red-deer, or even captive specimens, will have noticed that their antlers are now rid of the unsightly remnants of

Rothschild. There is a great cylindrical beam, extending, as usual, horizontally, then turning upwards, bearing three great cylindrical "tines," overtopped by the termination of the beam. What is the agency which has determined this similarity in animals so far apart as Scandinavia and East Siberia? And it is only in certain localities, remember, in Scandinavia that this unusual form is seen.

Now let us turn to the caribou, the counterpart of our European reindeer, where the range of variability is at least as great. I have gazed for hours on the superb specimens of the antlers in the three collections I have already referred to, and always turned away unsatisfied. It seemed that there

Hesketh-Pritchard 49-pointer. It is to be noted—and this is important—that habitat and geographical distribution are both agencies to be taken into account. The finest heads of all are those of the "woodland" caribou of the forest districts of Arctic America. They are relatively short, but massive, and the brow-tines may be immensely palmated. The barren-ground caribou, from the open country north of the forests in America, have longer and more boldly curved antlers, but only the brow-tine is conspicuously palmated. They more nearly resemble the Scandinavian reindeer. It is a smaller animal than the woodland type. I can carry this comparison no further, because there are other species to be mentioned.

It will not be difficult, however, to visualise the appearance of the antlers of the white-tailed deer of eastern North America, a species standing just over 3 ft. at the withers. Here the antlers may be described as forming a cylindrical beam, sweeping outwards and forwards over the face in a semi-circle, and almost horizontal. The upper border of this beam bears a short, cylindrical brow-tine and 6 to 8 long, upstanding tines. For beauty and complexity of branching, the Siamese Schomburgk's deer would, I think, be placed first in a comparison between all known species of deer. The antlers are smooth and round; the very long brow-tine, often forked, arises almost at right angles from the beam, which is short and regularly forked, with each of the main branches about equally developed, and



1. MOOSE-ANTLERS IN WHICH THE CHARACTERISTIC PALMATION IS PRESENT IN AN EXAGGERATED FORM IN TWO BIG FAN-SHAPED PLATES: AN EXAMPLE IN WHICH THE BEAM IS FIRST HORIZONTAL, AND THEN RISES VERTICALLY AND EXPANDS INTO A PLATE WITH LARGE "SNAGS" PROJECTING FROM ITS FRONT EDGE.

the "velvet" which served to protect the blood-vessels charged with the task of building up the new antlers. This gradual development and final shedding, year after year, is a theme which I would fain dwell on, for it is fraught with mystery and eludes a satisfactory explanation. But to-day I want to confine myself to other problems which these strange and often beautiful weapons present when we come to survey the deer family as a whole.

To begin with, we have two distinct types of ruminating animals—on the one hand, the oxen, sheep, goats, and antelopes; and on the other, the deer. In the former the horns are formed by outgrowths of the skull sheathed in horn, and they are never shed (though the American prong-horned antelope sheds the sheath at least once a year). In the deer, however, the horns, or "antlers," grow from a permanent base, but are shed annually. What started this most remarkable habit, which becomes the more surprising when we come to consider the enormous size and weight to which, in some species, they attain? It seems incredible that so much bony tissue should be formed, and then cast away after a few months. One would never have supposed that any animal could stand such a drain upon its physiological resources. Small wonder that deer will gnaw at, and even consume, their cast-off antlers—for here is material for the formation of new bone. The moose has, each year, to form more and more bone tissue as it nears its maximum powers, and the weight may run up to, and exceed, 100 lb. And this weight, moreover, has to be carried on the head.

This matter of the size and weight of antlers, however, is not my main point, which concerns their manifold shapes, and the great range of variation which some species, at least, display in the matter of their branching. One can well understand the fascination these antlers arouse in the big-game hunter. Indeed, I have, time and again, gazed with something near akin to envy on the wonderful collections brought together by my old friends Captain Selous, J. G. Millais, and Sir Edmund Loder. All, three, alas! have gone to rest.

Why is it that these horns are branched? And why is it that in no species are two individuals exactly alike? To grasp my point, compare the two photographs of the American elk, or "moose," antlers (Figs. 1 and 2). I found it extremely difficult to decide which of a dozen different pairs to show here, but these two will perhaps serve me best. Note the enormous fan-shaped blades of Fig. 1, with a fringe of spines, or "snags," along the front border, and compare this with Fig. 2, where the beam gives off a great flat plate simulating a "brow-tine," bearing large "snags," the "points" of the sportsman. In some Scandinavian localities these antlers not infrequently show little or no palmation, thus approximating to the Siberian elk, of which a fine example is to be seen in the wonderful museum of Lord

ought to be—that, indeed, there *must* be—an explanation of the mystery. But what is that explanation? No two are alike. I can give but one example here—that shown in Fig. 3. The caribou or reindeer differs from all other deer in that both sexes bear antlers: those of the female, however, are never of any great size. But in the males, as I say, they display a marvellous range in point of size and form, most conspicuous in the brow- and bez-tines above them. Generally, they are palmated. The brow-tines may both be palmated, as in Fig. 3, where the right is much longer than the left tine. The bez-tines in this specimen are conspicuously palmated, and bear each a number of "points." This head is a "38-pointer." But I think the most excessively palmated pair I have ever seen are the famous



2. MOOSE-ANTLERS ALSO EXTENSIVELY PALMATED, BUT IN A MANNER WHICH SIMULATES A "BROW-TINE," THOUGH, PROPERLY SPEAKING, MOOSE HAVE NEITHER "BROW-" NOR "BEZ-TINES": A PAIR WITH NUMEROUS "SNAGS," WHICH ARE THE "POINTS" OF THE SPORTSMAN.



3. THE ANTLERS OF A CARIBOU, OR AMERICAN REINDEER: A PAIR IN WHICH THE RIGHT "BROW-TINE" IS EXTREMELY LARGE AND PALMATED AND BEARS LARGE SNAGS; WHILE THE LEFT IS ALTOGETHER MUCH SMALLER.

Apparent asymmetry is common in caribou antlers. In some heads one of the brow-tines may show no palmation at all. These tines are supposed to be used to shovel away the snow. The "bez-tines"—next above the "brow-tines"—it will be seen, are also greatly palmated. In caribou, as in all reindeer, the female bears antlers; these are much smaller than those of the male.

again forking, to terminate in long, cylindrical tines, producing a basket-like effect.

For simplicity of type one may take the Javan Rusa, or the hog deer, where the beam is cylindrical, nearly vertical, and bears only a brow-tine, and a long tine about half-way up the beam. In the muntjacs the antlers are borne at the top of a long cylindrical pedicel, rising far above the top of the skull and covered with skin. The antlers themselves consist only of a beam and a pair of short brow-tines.

For size and weight, however, the antlers of the now extinct Irish deer, generally known as the "Irish elk," surpass all others. They may justly be described as colossal. Their like has been approached by no other deer, either before or since it roamed over our islands. They also showed great variation in form, and the largest may have a span of nearly 14 ft. So great was their weight that the neck vertebrae had become greatly enlarged for their support. They were probably exterminated by Stone Age man. Hampered as they were by this burden, they could not easily escape from him. Our own red-deer, in this matter of variety, suggest that size and weight, in all these cases, may be largely due to feeding and climate, since the ancient stock which roamed these islands in prehistoric times had antlers vastly larger than any we see to-day.

PEACE PRELIMINARIES ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: A SUCCESSFUL JIRGA.



THE CAMP AT GHALANAI, WHERE THE PESHAWAR BRIGADE WAS SENT AND THE JIRGA CONVENED BY THE GOVERNOR HELD: A VALLEY IN THE MOHMAND COUNTRY.



SIR RALPH GRIFFITH, THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE, AND GENERAL COLERIDGE VISIT THE PESHAWAR BRIGADE AT GHALANAI CAMP: THE SCENE OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WITH MOHMAND TRIBESMEN.



MOHMAND TRIBESMEN SUCH AS STARTED THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER DISTURBANCES IN JULY AND ARE NOW PACIFIED, THOUGH PERHAPS NOT PERMANENTLY.



AN R.A.F. AEROPLANE CARRYING OUT RECONNAISSANCE WORK OVER THE TANGLED MOHMAND HILLS; SHOWING (CENTRE) A TRIBAL VILLAGE AND TOWER.



COMING IN FOR THE JIRGA, AT WHICH THE MAJORITY OF DISAFFECTED TRIBES ACCEPTED THE GOVERNMENT'S TERMS: TYPICAL MOHMAND TRIBESMEN.



THE END OF A MEETING OF THE JIRGA AT GHALANAI: GUARDS OF HONOUR (LEFT AND CENTRE) LEAVING FOR CAMP, AND TRIBESMEN (FOREGROUND) PREPARING TO DISPERSE, AFTER NEGOTIATIONS WHICH, AT THE TIME OF WRITING, APPEARED TO HAVE REACHED A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION.

We illustrate here further stages in the negotiations for peace on the North-West Frontier, begun, as we mentioned in our issue of September 16, at a *jirga*, or conference, convened by the Governor of the Province at Ghalanai on September 3. Another *jirga* began its meetings on September 17, and very soon had favourable results. The Khawaezai and the Baezai, two of the Mohmand tribes, swore to be of good behaviour and to refrain from attacking the Halimzai (the loyal tribe whose molestation by the Upper Mohmands started the trouble in July). The British-Indian authorities reciprocally promised to withdraw their forces after completion of the road from Ghalanai to Yusuf Khel and after settlement with the Safis, who

refused to join the *jirga* and were still threatening opposition. The Safis, whose territory is Lakarai, were led by the notorious Haji of Turangzai and his son, Badshah Gul, and were reinforced by Kandahari tribesmen. Throughout the early negotiations they carried on sniping tactics at Ghalanai Camp and on the Gandao road, killing several Indian soldiers and attempting to prejudice the peace negotiations between the authorities and other Mohmand tribes. Later, however, when British-Indian machine-guns and mountain howitzers had effectively answered the Safi snipers, their leader, Badshah Gul, was understood to have sent messages treating for peace. By September 25 a definite settlement appeared to have been reached.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ISLANDERS are commonly charged with the besetting sin of insularity, but in fact it is only to the stay-at-homes among them that the term properly applies. Otherwise island folk are apt to be more enterprising and cosmopolitan than Continentals. Islands also possess a peculiar atmosphere of romance, which belongs in rich measure to "ISLANDS OF THE WEST." By Seton Gordon. With fifty-one illustrations from photographs (Cassell; 15s.). The special interest of this beautiful book lies in its presentment, by pen and camera, of bird life and mountain scenery. The author is well known for his nature photographs, and he gives us many magnificent pictures of birds in their homes, including eagles, gannets, and guillemots, with wonderful views of mountains and cliffs.

Most of his chapters deal with the Hebrides, but he takes us also to the Scilly Islands and the wild coast of Connemara. The book is, in fact, a study of the Celtic fringe of the British Isles, bringing out characteristics common to the inhabitants in widely separated parts of our archipelago. Historical and literary associations are not neglected. We get, for example, an account of Scott's visit to Skye, in 1814, as the guest of MacLeod at Dunvegan Castle; while another chapter describes Ailsa Craig, the famous islet hailed by Keats as "thou craggy ocean pyramid." The charm of the book is well suggested in a foreword by the Duke of Montrose. "There are some people," he writes, "who use the word 'insular' to signify in a cynical way narrow-mindedness, but insular feeling has its good qualities as well as its bad."

The difficulty of defining British insularity has been felt by the Dean of St. Paul's, while striving to find some bond of unity in "THE POST-VICTORIANS." With an Introduction by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 10s. 6d.). This is a collection of forty biographical essays by distinguished living writers on eminent men and women no longer with us, who did great things in various walks of life after the death of Queen Victoria. Many of them, however, had long been famous during her reign, as, for example, Lord Roberts (born 1832), Joseph Chamberlain (1836), Lord Fisher (1841), Archbishop Davidson (1848), and Lord Kitchener (1850). The most recent name on the list is that of the late Sir Henry Segrave (born 1896). Next in modernity are D. H. Lawrence (1885) and Lytton Strachey (1880), but nearly all the rest were at least thirty before Victoria died. The volume contains no prefatory explanation of the principles, chronological or otherwise, on which the selection has been based.

Dean Inge, invited to bestow a comprehensive blessing on a work which he had had no hand in designing, expresses some bewilderment. "Those who were born between 1850 and 1870," he writes, "were no more Post-Victorians than I am. These were, as I am, entirely unrepentant Victorians. . . . But what on earth am I to make of this queer list of names? I have never been set a more difficult task. . . . Shall I say that they were typical of their country? But they were totally unlike each other. Perhaps this makes them typical Britons; for really it is difficult to say what the national character is. The Englishman not only lives on an island, he is an island. I do not think that there is any quality, good or bad, that I have not heard attributed to my countrymen, except perhaps meekness and loquacity."

Individual lives have a way of overlapping historical periods, and can seldom be pinned down to one particular reign or epoch. After all, it matters little what such a volume is called. The chief point is that here we have a number of excellent biographical studies by authors well qualified to handle their several subjects. The essays that interest me most are those concerning Canon Barnett (under whose rule I lived at Toynbee Hall in 1896), by Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox; Arnold Bennett, by Robert Lynd; John Galsworthy, by Hugh Walpole; D. H. Lawrence, by R. L. Mégroz; Ellen Terry, by Marguerite Steen; and Marie Lloyd, by James Agate. The memoir of Ellen Terry mentions an aspect of insularity that is certainly not to be accounted reprehensible. "There was something about her," writes the essayist, "peculiarly British; for all her Paduan ladies and her exquisite assumptions of Gallic graces, she never lost that island character, that breath as essentially English as Shakespeare himself."

Readers of the above-mentioned essay by R. L. Mégroz will be interested in two other additions to the growing literature of the subject—"LAST POEMS." By D. H. Lawrence. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Aldington (Secker; 10s. 6d.); and "LAWRENCE AND 'APOCALYPSE.'" By Helen Corke (Heinemann; 5s.). Miss Corke provides a commentary on Lawrence's posthumous study of the Book of Revelation, written in the light of her personal acquaintance with him. They were colleagues and friends as elementary school teachers in Croydon from 1909 to 1912. "This little book," she adds, "is partly of the nature of a deferred conversation." In his Preface to "Last Poems," Mr. Aldington mentions that they are printed from two manuscripts, and, unless others are discovered, this volume contains the whole of Lawrence's posthumous poetry. These pieces, mostly quite short, fragmentary, or unfinished, form a kind of diary of ideas during the last year of his life. They are

but lets his thought play round a theme with a fanciful and not too explicit discursiveness. Many of his allusions are vague enough to necessitate notes.

One of Mr. Sitwell's poetic "torsos," entitled "Upon an Image from Dante," is founded on a passage in the "Paradiso," though itself mostly about the North Sea off Whitby and Robin Hood's Bay. D. H. Lawrence also refers to

The kind of hell grey Dante never saw

when he visited the lower world under the guidance of Virgil. Thus I arrive at a pair of books that might be termed literary twins—"DANTE'S INFERNO." With a Translation into English triple rhyme by Laurence Binyon (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.); and "DANTE'S INFERNO." A Version in the Spenserian Stanza. By George Musgrave. With forty-four illustrations by John D. Batten (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 8s. 6d.). Having myself but little Italian, and never having wandered very far beyond the first line—

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita

(partly, if the truth be told, through a sense of revulsion from the vindictive cruelty ascribed to Omnipotence in this epic mirror of the mediæval mind), I feel it would be presumptuous to attempt any strict comparison between these two translations. Both books have their special merits and attractions. Mr. Binyon's book has the great advantage of placing the Italian text side by side with his translation, which is done in the same metre—*terza rima*—as close to the original as possible. He began doing odd passages, as an experiment, twelve years ago, starting with Ulysses' tale of his own death, to which, I notice, Tennyson seems to be indebted. Eventually Mr. Binyon was surprised to find that he had translated the whole of the "Inferno." Mr. George Musgrave died last year, before he could complete a revision of his translation, first published in 1893. To place it beside the work of so distinguished a poet as Mr. Binyon is a severe test, and to say that it does not reach quite the same level is not to deny it all merit. Explaining his choice of metre, the author said in his original preface: "The measure of the Italian—the *terza rima*—has been discarded as too alien to the English tongue. The form here ventured upon—the Spenserian stanza—is the nearest equivalent we possess."

Three other books will appeal to lovers of poetry. The founder of the Poetry Bookshop and the *Poetry Review* is commemorated in "THE COLLECTED POEMS OF HAROLD MONRO." Edited by Alida Monro. With Biographical Sketch by F. S. Flint, and Critical Note by T. S. Eliot (Cobden-Sanderson; 8s. 6d.). Both the man and his work deserve to be remembered. The poems "are arranged in chronological order, beginning with the last." Does this mean that, in order to follow the poet's development, we must begin at the end of the book and work backwards?

Etonians in particular, and all who can appreciate neat verse, grave and gay, will enjoy "ETON FACES." Old and Young. By C. A. Alington, D.D., Headmaster of Eton (Murray; 7s. 6d.). I rather prefer the pieces in lighter vein, for Dr. Alington shows delightful humour and a rare skill in pointed rhyme. If his subjects were less restricted to school personalities and allusions, his book would win still wider popularity. Now that he has relinquished the duties of the headship, perhaps he will have opportunities to range further afield, and tell us more of what will happen—

When Bernard Shaw becomes a Dean
And Inge a minor Canon.

Finally, for a reminiscent ramble in the company of poets dead and gone, as well as some of their living successors, let us open "THE GATES OF BEAUTY." An Anthology of English Poetry Past and Present. Compiled by Wallace B. Nichols (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d.). Of making many anthologies there is, indeed, no end, but we need not allow much study thereof to become a weariness of the flesh. I am always glad to dip into a fresh one, for there is generally something new to be learned, or something forgotten to be recalled. The present example is no exception, and it has some novel features in its arrangement.

C. E. B.



ONE OF THE FINEST PORTRAITS BY LAWRENCE THAT HAS EVER COME INTO THE MARKET: THE ARTIST'S "MISS JENNY MUDGE," WHICH IS TO BE AUCTIONED IN NEW YORK.

As mentioned opposite, fifteen portraits by masters of the early English school, from notable English collections, are to be sold by auction in New York. Of the picture here reproduced, the "Times" had it the other day: "Few finer examples of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence have appeared in the sale-room than his portrait of Miss Jenny Mudge, which is presented with a naturalness and simplicity that is exceedingly rare in his work. Occupied with the great ones of the earth, he seldom descended to the homes of the middle-class, and it is refreshing to find that when he did so he could shed his artificial graces and grandeur."—(Copyright Reserved.)

valuable as spontaneous expressions of an exuberant and fearlessly original mind in revolt.

Lawrence's Muse is mainly concerned with modern problems, social and personal. It is a striking contrast to turn to a poet in which the ancient heroes and divinities predominate. I refer to "CANONS OF GIANT ART." Twenty Torsos in Heroic Landscapes. By Sacheverell Sitwell (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Sitwell's curious and cumbersome title suggests essays in criticism rather than a book of poems. I was pleasantly surprised when, instead of having to crack my brains over a treatise on aesthetic principles, I found myself wandering in a world of myth and legend, peopled with familiar gods and goddesses of Homer and Virgil and portrayed in verse of exquisite delicacy. The poet has chosen a score of famous works of art, and spun around each a gossamer web of fancy and imagination, rather in the manner of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Like a spider's web, these poems are enticing, but have a slightly entangling effect on the reader's mind. Mr. Sitwell does not isolate some particular personage and develop a coherent narrative around a central figure, as Tennyson did in "Ulysses" and "Tithonus,"

OLD MASTERS FROM ENGLAND TO BE AUCTIONED IN NEW YORK.

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"MRS. MARY KEENE": BY GEORGE ROMNEY.



"JAMES CHRISTIE": BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN.



"SIR JOHN PRINGLE": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



"MRS. DAWSON": BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

Fifteen portraits by masters of the early English school, from notable English collections, are to be sold in New York at the American Art Association Galleries in November. The collection includes one portrait by Gainsborough, four by Reynolds, two by Romney, five by Hoppner, a Raeburn, and a very fine portrait by Lawrence. "In Gainsborough's portrait of Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society" (to quote the "Times"), "it is possible to appreciate the finer points of his character, temper, and humour—the artist, in these touches of brown and grey, building up not only a substantial and masterly portrait, but a scheme of colour which suggests strange, subtle harmonies of purple and gold. . . . Of the Romney portraits the most typical is that of Mrs. Mary Keene, which belongs

to the period, 1779-80, when the artist's style was on the point of changing from the precision of his early manner to the free brushwork of his final period. . . . The group of four portraits of the Dawson family, though typical examples of Hoppner's style, will serve to show that the artist's capacity was not unworthy of his great reputation, and that if in some respects he is not as strong as Reynolds and Gainsborough, in others he well deserves a place in their company. The fine portrait by Raeburn of James Christie, the unlucky Baltimore merchant who was fined and expelled from Maryland in 1775, will be known to visitors to the National Gallery of Scotland, where it hung on loan for more than six years. . . ." Lawrence's portrait of Miss Jenny Mudge is given opposite.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE CUBAN CRISIS: THE AMERICAN CRUISER "INDIANAPOLIS" ENTERING HAVANA HARBOUR, WITH THE SECRETARY OF THE U.S. NAVY ON BOARD.

Beneath a page of photographs in our last issue, we traced briefly the course of the revolution in Cuba which overthrew the short-lived Government of Dr. de Cespedes. In the two photographs above and in that on the left-centre below, we give further illustrations of developments



THE SIEGE OF ABOUT 500 CUBAN OFFICERS IN THE HOTEL NATIONAL, HAVANA: TROOPS SEARCHING ALL CARS THAT PASS IN THE VICINITY OF THE HOTEL.

at Havana. The United States cruiser "Indianapolis," on her way to the Panama Canal zone, stopped at Havana for three hours on September 8, so that the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Swanson, who was on board, might confer with Mr. Sumner Welles, the American Ambassador to Cuba. The cruiser's early departure created a good impression, since many of the new Cuban

[Continued below on left.]



BESIEGED CUBAN OFFICERS TEMPORARILY TAKE OVER THE OPERATION OF THE HOTEL NATIONAL WHEN THE STAFF WALKS OUT: AN ARMED AIR OFFICER RUNNING THE LIFT.

[Continued from above]
Government's supporters strongly resent any hint of American intervention. At the time of writing the United States had still been able to avoid active interference, although the position was still critical. About five hundred Cuban officers remained besieged in the Hotel National, continuing to demand the return of Dr. de Cespedes.



THE GERMAN EXPERIMENT ON THE MIGRATION OF STORKS: LEG-RINGS FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES.

We gave full illustrations in our last issue of the release at Essen of young storks born and bred at Rossitten in Eastern Prussia—an experiment designed to discover whether the birds would follow, on their migration to Africa, the customary route of their ancestors by way of the Balkans and Egypt, or would join the storks native to western Germany in their flight through France, Spain, and Morocco. A report of September 20, a week after their release, indicated that the birds appeared to be in no hurry to go south, and that it was too early to forecast their route. Our photographs show the steps taken to identify them. The leg-rings are numbered, and marked "Urgent retour. Vogelwarte Rossitten Germania."



PAINTING A BLACK SPOT ON A YOUNG BIRD'S BREAST SO THAT IT MAY BE IDENTIFIED.



THE AEROPLANE IN WHICH ADMIRAL BYRD INTENDS TO FLY OVER THE SOUTH POLE: A NEW TWIN-ENGINE CURTIS-CONDOR MACHINE.

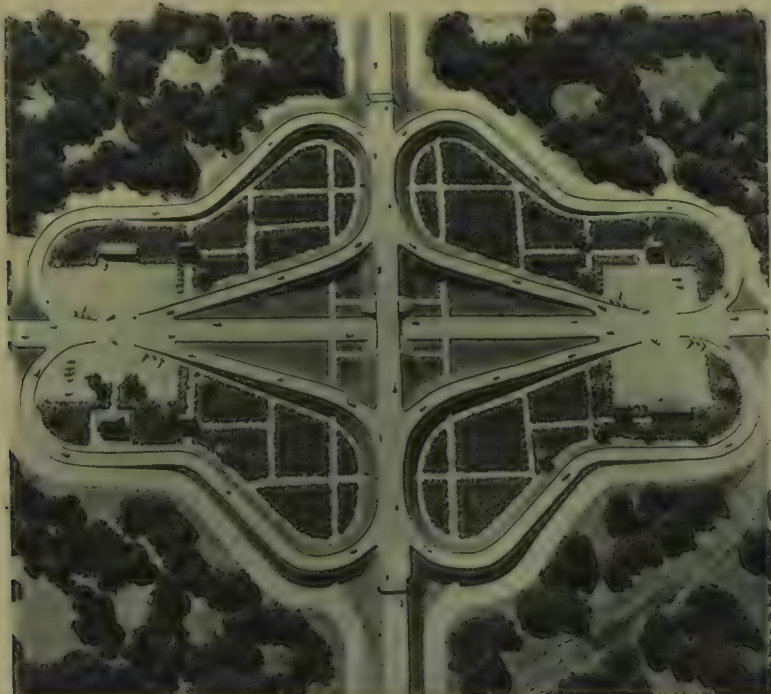
Rear-Admiral Byrd's new Antarctic expedition is to make a stay of a year or more in Polar regions. The barquentine "Bear of Oakland" left Boston on September 25 for the Antarctic, carrying the scientists of the expedition, their equipment, and much of the food supply. The Admiral himself is following in the "Jacob Ruppert," on board of which are the big twin-engine aeroplane shown here, an autogyro, and various supplies. The objects of the expedition,



THE INTERIOR OF ADMIRAL BYRD'S NEW CURTIS-CONDOR AEROPLANE: A ROOMY AND POWERFUL MACHINE FOR SOUTH POLAR EXPLORATION.

which will consist of seventy persons, including crew and scientists, are to map and claim any land areas about the Pole; to investigate natural resources; and to study weather and geological conditions. The big Curtis-Condor will be used for map-making flights, and eventually for a flight over the South Pole, a much longer one than that previously made by Admiral Byrd. The party will have wireless for sending and receiving messages.

ROAD-MAKING FOR UNEMPLOYED; AND OTHER PHASES OF NAZI GERMANY.



CROSS-ROADS, WITH CENTRAL BRIDGE, DESIGNED FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S MOTOR-ROAD CONSTRUCTION SCHEME: AN "ISLAND" ENABLING VEHICLES TO CHANGE DIRECTION WITHOUT INTERRUPTING FAST TRAFFIC.

At Frankfurt on September 23 Herr Hitler inaugurated the construction of a new system of motor-roads all over Germany. With a spade handed to him by Herr Dormmüller, President of the Reichbahn, the Chancellor personally cut the first sod for the first section of road to be made from Frankfurt to Mannheim and Heidelberg. The ceremony was attended by most

GERMAN UNEMPLOYED "REGIMENTED" AS SPADE-MEN FOR ROAD-MAKING.



THE EX-CROWN PRINCE (CENTRE FOREGROUND) AT A GREAT RALLY OF THE STAHLHELM (STEEL HELMETS) AT HANOVER: A GROUP SHOWING THAT HE AND THE OTHER LEADERS WEAR THE SWASTIKA ARM-BADGE.

Fifty thousand members of the Stahlhelm, or "Steel Helmet" organisation, assembled in Hanover on Sunday, September 24, for their annual rally. There was a mass demonstration and a march-past, in which the ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm took a prominent part. He and the other leaders are all wearing the Nazi swastika as an arm-badge, while the spectators gave the Hitler salute. On the right, with his arm upraised, is Herr Seldte, the Stahlhelm leader, and on the left is Herr Rohm, Chief of Staff of the organisation.



PILED SPADES AT THE ROAD SCHEME INAUGURATION: THE FRANKFURT BOURSE WITH A LEGEND "WORK AND PEACE."

Continued. of the prominent Nazi leaders. This road project is one of the large economic schemes devised by the Government to provide employment for several hundred thousand men during the next five to ten years. Herr Hitler said in his speech that the object was to fight the curse of unemployment and alleviate the distress of millions.



GERMANY'S DELEGATE TO THE LEAGUE FLIES TO GENEVA: HERR GOEBBELS (WITH BOUQUET) ARRIVING.

Herr Goebbels, German Minister of Propaganda, travelled by air to Geneva as delegate to the fourteenth meeting of the League of Nations Assembly, which opened on September 25. He was met by members of the German colony. Later he took part in conversations on disarmament with Sir John Simon and others.



A TRIBUTE TO WOUNDED NAZI STORM-TROOPS: THE ORANIENBURG MONUMENT, WITH ITS SCULPTOR.

This memorial has been erected at Oranienburg, near Berlin, to Nazi storm-troopers wounded in the days before Herr Hitler came into power. The monument, including the pedestal, is about 16 ft. high, and is made of wood. Beside it is seen Herr Preiss, the sculptor who designed it.



HERR HITLER (RIGHT) PREPARES TO CUT THE FIRST SOD FOR THE NEW MOTOR-ROADS: THE CHANCELLOR RECEIVING A SPADE FOR THE PURPOSE.

CONCERNING AIR AND LAND: MEMORIALS; REMEMBRANCE; AND A DEMOLITION.



THE BERT HINKLER MEMORIAL IN ITALY, NEAR THE SPOT AT WHICH THE AIRMAN CRASHED: A BRITISH OFFICER SPEAKING.

The memorial set up by the Aero Club of Arezzo to Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler was unveiled at Prato Magno, in the Delle Vacche, on Sunday, September 17. It stands near the spot in the Tuscan Mountains where the airman crashed and died last January, during an attempt to fly from England to Australia.—On September 23, 1913, the French airman, Roland Garros, flew from Fréjus to Bizerta, setting up a record for an overseas flight—500 miles in 8 hours. During



HONOURING THE FRENCH ACE, ROLAND GARROS, WHO FLEW FROM FRÉJUS TO BIZERTA IN SEPTEMBER 1913—500 MILES IN 8 HOURS: THE CEREMONY AT THE NEWLY-ERECTED MONUMENT AT FRÉJUS.

the war he was killed in an aerial fight. On September 23 last, Fréjus and St. Raphael honoured him at the unveiling of the memorial illustrated.—As our photograph shows, the memorial set up by the French at Allonne, near Beauvais, in memory of those who lost their lives in the disaster to H.M. Dirigible "R 101," is finished. It is to be unveiled to-morrow, Sunday, October 1. The Prime Minister may be present at the ceremony, although, as we write, this is uncertain.



THE FRENCH MEMORIAL TO THE VICTIMS OF THE "R 101" DISASTER—TO BE UNVEILED AT ALLONNE, NEAR BEAUVAIS, ON OCTOBER 1.



A NINETEEN-ARCH VIADUCT DEMOLISHED BY REGULAR AND TERRITORIAL ROYAL ENGINEERS FROM THE NORTHERN COMMAND: THE BLOWING UP OF THREE OF THE SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD ARCHES.

On Sunday, September 24, detachments of Royal Engineers, both Regular and Territorial, from the Northern Command, blew up the nineteen-arch viaduct illustrated: work the London, Midland and Scottish Railway had invited them to accomplish. The first attempt, which was to blow up



AFTER PART OF THE VIADUCT HAD BEEN DEMOLISHED: INSPECTING A GAP IN THE STRUCTURE AT SHOTTLE, DERBYSHIRE.

five of the arches, merely caused the seventy-year-old bridge to totter. The next explosion blew the three arches spanning the railway track 150 ft. into the air. After the next explosion, the next three arches crumbled to the ground; and so the remainder of the bridge was demolished.



A BIG BRITISH LEGION RALLY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST: THE SALUTE TAKEN BY CAPTAIN SIR BEACHCROFT TOWSE (RIGHT CENTRE), THE BLIND V.C.

The annual "Old and New" Parade was held at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, on September 24. Over three thousand members of the British Legion took part, with Sandhurst cadets. The parade was inspected by Major-General Sir Reginald May, the Commandant of the R.M.C., who, on the way to the parade-ground, led by the arm Captain Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C.,



IN COMMEMORATION OF LOOS AND THIEPVAL: PIPER LAIDLAW, V.C., AND TWO OTHER V.C.S LEADING A PROCESSION OF SURVIVORS OF THE 7TH BEDFORDS TO THE CENOTAPH.

who is blind.—On the same day, a procession of the 7th Bedfords who fought at Loos and Thiepval marched to the Cenotaph. Our photograph shows Piper Laidlaw, V.C., leading; and, with him, Captain T. Adlam, V.C. (left), and Private C. Cox, V.C.

FIRE AT THREE THEATRES.

The fire at the Royal Victoria Rooms, Bridlington, in the early hours of September 22, not only gutted that building, but seriously affected a dwelling-house, a buffet, and the old Town Hall, and destroyed the Fishermen's Shelter, with its collection of prints of the old Bridlington lifeboat and the fishermen's art gallery. The structures in question are at the landward end of the North Pier. Motor-boats, in danger from sparks, were moved to a safe anchorage up harbour.—The fire at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, occurred just before midnight on September 23. Part of the burning roof crashed into the orchestra stalls and carried with it the front of the gallery. The blaze was under control in two hours.—The Herne Bay fire was on the night of September 23, soon after the audience had left a performance given by the Westcliff Minstrels. The roof fell in and the building was burnt out.



THE OLDEST THEATRE IN BRIDLINGTON GUTTED: THE ROYAL VICTORIA ROOMS AND THE OLD TOWN HALL (USED BY THE COUNCIL UNTIL LAST YEAR) AFTER THE FIRE.



AN ENTERTAINMENT HALL AT HERNE BAY DAMAGED BY FIRE AFTER A WESTCLIFF MINSTRELS' SHOW: DAMAGE AT THE GAIETY; FORMERLY KNOWN AS BOHEMIA.



FIRE AT LIVERPOOL'S OLDEST THEATRE: THE RUINED INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL COURT; SHOWING PART OF THE GALLERY CARRIED DOWN INTO THE ORCHESTRA STALLS BY THE FALLING ROOF.

"MISS BRITAIN III." ON FIRE.



MR. H. SCOTT PAINE BREAKS THE SEA-MILE RECORD FOR SINGLE-ENGINE BOATS—ONLY TO HAVE HIS CRAFT DAMAGED BY FIRE LATER IN THE DAY: "MISS BRITAIN III." AT POOLE DURING ONE OF HER GREAT RUNS.

BEFORE THE RECORD-BREAKING: MR. SCOTT PAINE HAVING A FINAL LOOK AT "MISS BRITAIN III." BEFORE THE RUNS IN WHICH HE REGISTERED A SPEED OF 95'08 MILES AN HOUR, AS AGAINST THE LATE SIR HENRY SEGRAVE'S 92'73 MILES AN HOUR.



AFTER "MISS BRITAIN III." HAD CAUGHT FIRE DURING A DEMONSTRATION RUN: MR. SCOTT PAINE ON DECK (IN LIFE-SAVING JACKET) WHILE THE BLAZE WAS BEING EXTINGUISHED.

On September 24, Mr. H. Scott Paine, who had returned from America on the Thursday, after his unsuccessful attempt to win the Harmsworth International Motor-boat Trophy with his "Miss Britain III.," drove the same craft at Poole and broke the late Sir Henry Segrave's sea-mile record for single-engined boats. Later, during the third of a series of demonstration runs, in Poole Harbour, fire broke out in the stern of "Miss Britain III." Both Mr. Scott Paine and his mechanic, Mr. Gordon Thomas, jumped on to the fore-deck, clear of their seats, which were in front of the burning engine; but remained on board and used extinguishers. They escaped injury. The engine was burnt out; but the metal hull was not badly damaged. In setting up his record, Mr. Scott Paine made five runs. He attained a speed of 95'08 miles an hour. Sir Henry Segrave's speed was 92'73 miles an hour.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

TO have planned "The Woman on the Beast" is to demonstrate imagination and audacity far beyond the ordinary. We doubt if any living writer but Helen Simpson would have carried it through. The irony of it is tremendous. Her object has been, as she says, to attempt to interpret the contradiction that the most hateful actions are, as often as not, performed for good reasons. To review "The Woman on the Beast" briefly is to try to put a quart into a pint pot, even when it is premised that comment on Miss Simpson's interpretation of the texts she has drawn from the Book of Revelation lies outside the function of a novel-reviewer. The prologue shows Divine promise made and, for good reasons, broken—these are her words—and the epilogue shows Heaven defeated because divided against itself. There are three novels in the book, linked by the common intention, and no praise can be too high for the colourful art with which the stories have been embroidered. The first, and the best, is set in Goa in the sixteenth century, with the colony's Grand Inquisidor as the central figure.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy were princes of power and magnificence, but the Inquisidor, being a single-minded zealot with a narrow, concentrated intelligence, was equipped to wrestle with them when he conceived it to be his duty, and to overcome. He was inspired by his passion to impose truth on those who walked in error. It was not in him to tolerate a pious fraud, and he came into collision with the Archbishop and the Viceroy through his correct conviction that the relics of St. Thomas at Goa (the goal of immense numbers of profitable pilgrims) were not the relics of St. Thomas at all. He succeeded in having them denounced and burned publicly, but he did not foresee how far preoccupation with his victory would take him. By Miss Simpson's device he wandered in the jungle, was kidnapped, and met his death unawares as a human sacrifice to the embodiment of Antichrist. The Inquisidor's last moments brought to him the intolerable knowledge that in his dying was no purpose of reclaiming souls, but rather the indulgence of the blasphemous worshippers in their wickedness. A rag of his cassock and a few shells of the nuts he had subsisted on were strangely returned to Goa, and provided new relics to replace the old, to the gratification of the Archbishop and the devout pilgrims. In the second story, an aristocrat's devoted wife, trapped at the outset of the French Revolution by the Antichrist in the person of the Grand Master of the Masons, was stripped of her faith with equal horror. The final glimpse of her was a red-capped figure, frozen in despair, enthroned as the Goddess of Liberty while the tipsy mob danced round her temple. The third story is projected into the future of 1999, after the Mother-Founder of the new Gospels has attained to conquest for the Gospel by the scientific world-wide massacre of unbelievers. The last recalcitrant Australians had been destroyed from the air, and Emma Jordan Sopwith ("Mother") had summoned all listeners, distant and present, to join in the solemn celebration of her completed purpose, when the trump of Doomsday shattered the heavens. A moment before, Mrs. Sopwith, her voice lost in the mounting frenzy of the hymn that a quarter of a million voices launched skywards, had been wondering if it were not just too much, and whether God would stand it. . . . With the world out of chaos created to chaos returned, "The Woman on the Beast" ends.

The two books of short stories, "Ah King," by W. Somerset Maugham, and "They Brought Their Women," by Edna Ferber, are excellent; that goes without saying. Miss Ferber has written a preface, a dogmatic preface, that defines the limitations of the short story. According to her, its form and brevity restrict it from penetrating deeply into the fundamentals of life. She acknowledges that de Maupassant was able to catch the fundamental human emotions with amazing mastery, and she pays tribute to Hemingway's "The Undeclared," as well she may. The contradiction is so salient that it is a happy chance to have "Ah King" and "They Brought Their Women" at hand together, to measure it by. Mr. Somerset Maugham's six stories do not crowd into a handful of words a mere kaleidoscopic picture of our generation. Far from it: he is at his best, and he penetrates to the

secret hearts of his Far Eastern exiles. Miss Ferber has the manner of one observing superficialities; her fundamental values are there all right. Both books are unequivocal evidence of how much of life can be reflected, and with what illuminating effect, in the mirror of the short story.

The family novel is trading on its popularity. "Sea Wall," by L. A. G. Strong, is a book that earns, and will receive, a grateful reception; but the interest flags as Nicky D'Olier grows up. To meet him, a small boy, on the Sea Wall above the rocks between Kingstown and Sandycove Harbour is to meet that lovable creature, the Irish child. No one can wish to shut the page on Nicky; but the war part of the story is tedious, and the newspaper report that turns up at the last to clear the broken-down Doctor's reputation is a dull way of revealing a dramatic secret. "The Master of Jalna" is another book with weak spots in it. The Whiteoak family are popular favourites, but

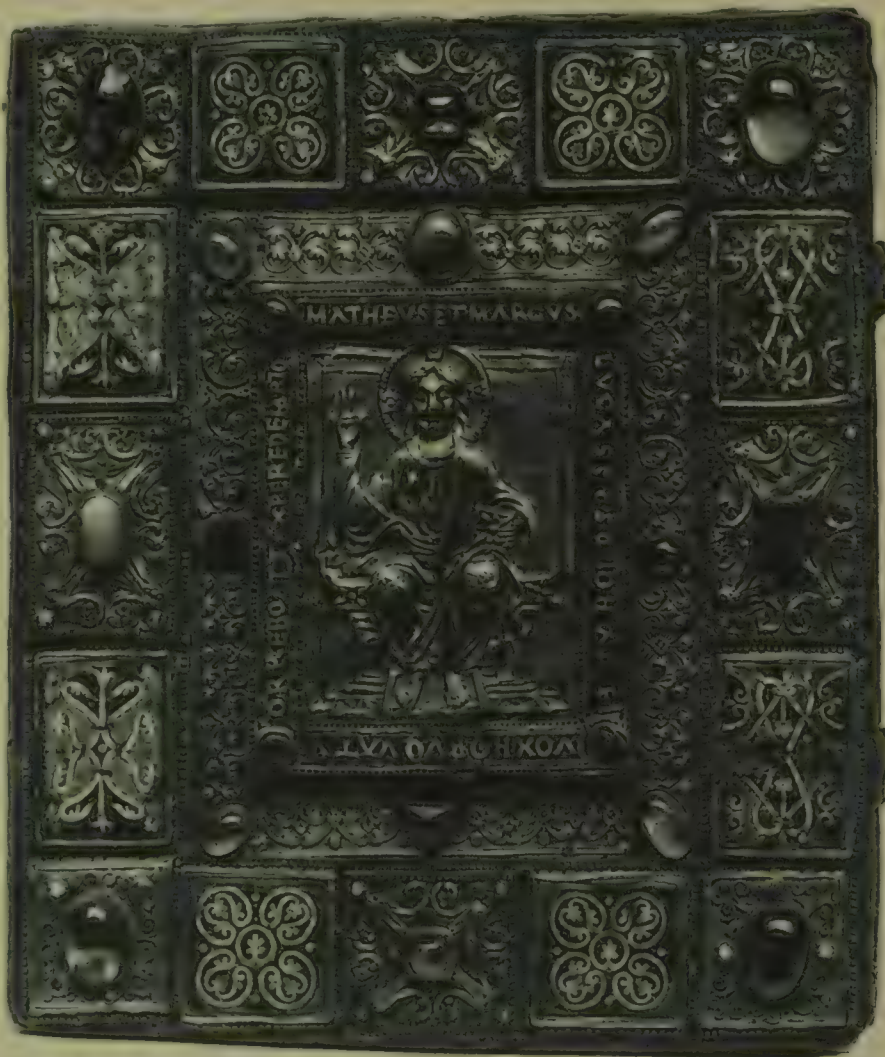
winter season. Altogether, "Twice Shy," which is filled, but not congested, with all sorts of people, is a rare study of human nature. So is "A Child in the Theatre," by Rachel Ferguson, a title that has a double meaning. Miss Ferguson, whose vitality and wit are, as usual, delightful, contrasts the theatrical success of Amy Ida, a lovely puppet, with the failure of Vyvyan Garson, whose gifts did not include discretion or pliability. The seamy side of the profession is brought out; but it cannot be overlooked that Vyvyan's inability to submit to discipline was enough to account for her finding herself out in the cold. "Opening Day," by David Gascoyne, is another story of a rebel, a boy of seventeen, who breaks away from a hateful home and in a single day runs full tilt upon disaster. It is a first novel, and a clever one, that should not be overlooked. It is unfortunate that Leon's reflections on Space, Time and Memory, Van Gogh and Rimbaud, and so on, though they are typical of the precocious artist, suggest that he is being used by Mr. Gascoyne as a mouthpiece. That is treatment a character so well delineated does not deserve, and the suspicion of it detracts from the force and movement of his tragedy.

The rest of the books of the month to be noticed are in lighter vein. "The Hold-Up" is frankly romantic, with W. F. Morris, author of "Bretherton," in his element. The hold-up itself opens the story, on a mountain road in Auvergne, where the low green motor-bus from Clermont is rumbling on its way. It would be regrettable if it put ideas into the heads of our car-bandits, but certainly there is no fault to find with the professional execution of the escapade. The story races on to one thrill after another in a highly-spirited sequence of adventures. "Sweet Home," by Barbara Worsley-Gough, and "Eros," by Barbara Gooden, are great entertainment, infallible cures for depression. They are tuned in the same key, "Sweet Home" dealing with a hard-hit country-house family, and the young people in "Eros" making the best of a Sussex bungalow. The amusement Miss Gooden extracts from the misunderstandings of an egotistical mother is immense: if this book were to be transformed into a play (which is an engaging thought), Sandra, the mother, is a part ready-made for Lilian Braithwaite. Everybody is well-intentioned, and very bright with it. Well, nearly everybody; Miss Twiss is the necessary shadow, and Sir Hermon, who ogled and pawed, fits into place as the proper match, in his own curious way, for Sandra. In "Sweet Home," the three young Methuens work hard to keep the home together and hold a good-for-nothing elder brother at bay until the generous little heiress who marries him saves them from going the way of too many old English county families. Miss Worsley-Gough's writing has a cocktail effect; she is an adept at delectable and stimulating fiction.

"The Eel Pie Mystery," by David Frome, and "Aldringham's Last Chance," by Arthur J. Rees, are capital mysteries. The reasons why the person who committed the Eel Pie murder did commit it lie at the root of a morbid character, and are of something more than sensational interest. Aldringham is a less complex criminal; the hunt, with the quarry in full view, is what holds one exclusively. Aldringham makes the confession that he stole precious stones because he loved them too much. The fact remains that he was as vain as criminals commonly are, and that he made his living out of trafficking in the stolen jewels.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Woman on the Beast. By Helen Simpson. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 Ah King. By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 They Brought Their Women. By Edna Ferber. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Sea Wall. By L. A. G. Strong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 The Master of Jalna. By Mazo de la Roche. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 Twice Shy. By D. M. Low. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 A Child in the Theatre. By Rachel Ferguson. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
 Opening Day. By David Gascoyne. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.)
 The Hold-Up. By W. F. Morris. (Bliss; 7s. 6d.)
 Sweet Home. By Barbara Worsley-Gough. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Eros. By Barbara Gooden. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
 The Eel Pie Mystery. By David Frome. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
 Aldringham's Last Chance. By Arthur J. Rees. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE SION GOSPELS—THE COVER OF BEECHWOOD OVERLAID WITH GOLD ENRICHED WITH CLOISONNÉ ENAMELS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Although the manuscript of the Sion Gospels is beautifully written and dates from about the year 1000, the importance of the book is primarily that of its cover. The outer border is probably contemporary with the manuscript; but the seated Christ and the surrounding strips of stamped work can hardly be earlier than the twelfth century. Few of the larger stones can be original, as they differ considerably from those described, in a fourteenth-century hand, on the first page of the book. An attempt has been made to identify this book with the "Gospels of Charlemagne," which is recorded to have belonged, until the fourteenth century, to the rich abbey of St. Maurice d'Agaune, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland. There is, however, very good reason to suppose that it was originally made for the ancient church of Notre Dame de Valère, in the same canton; to which, according to a further inscription, it belonged in the seventeenth century, and afterwards to the cathedral of Sion, in the valley below. In 1851, the cathedral authorities disposed of the book to a dealer at Geneva, by whom it was sold to the Marquis de Ganay. Towards the end of last century it passed into the Spitzer collection, when careful restorations were made, including especially the upper and part of the lower line of the enamelled inscription. At the Spitzer sale in 1893, it was acquired by the Museum for £1571 10s.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright reserved.)

even favourites run risks of wearing out their welcome if they are spread thinly over a full-sized novel. Here and there Mazo de la Roche flames into something memorable, as when Nicholas, now an old man, raises his arms in appeal and sobs out: "Oh God, give me another chance! Make me a boy again!" That is fine gold, and one could have done with more of it in this Whiteoak chronicle.

The detachment of the man who tells his own story—and other people's—in "Twice Shy," by D. M. Low, conveys the impression of an author to whom over-emphasis is an offence. Streffon's reticence about his divorce strikes the authentic note, and at the same time the temptation to make him a hard-boiled cynic has been resisted. It is too fatally easy to be cynical over the futilities of the English winter colony in a Ligurian watering-place. The summer phase of Torre del Vecchio, when the Italian visitors have their innings, is as good to read about as the

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN ART SHOWN IN VIENNA:



A RELIQUARY IN THE SHAPE OF A HANGING PURSE.—
EIGHTH CENTURY.

Copper-gilt and silver. "Jewelled" with coloured glass.



THE TASSILO COMMUNION CUP.—8TH CENTURY.

*Copper-gilt and wrought copper. Salzburg work.—
Tassilo III. was relegated to a monastery when Bavaria
was divided between Frankish counts.*

TREASURES EXHIBITED IN THE NEW HOFBURG.



A SILVER-GILT AND CRYSTAL COMMUNION CUP.—
EARLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Salzburg work. The knob is of mountain crystal.



THE DOVE OF THE HOST; SYMBOLISING THE HOLY
GHOST.—TWELFTH CENTURY.

Bronze and enamel.

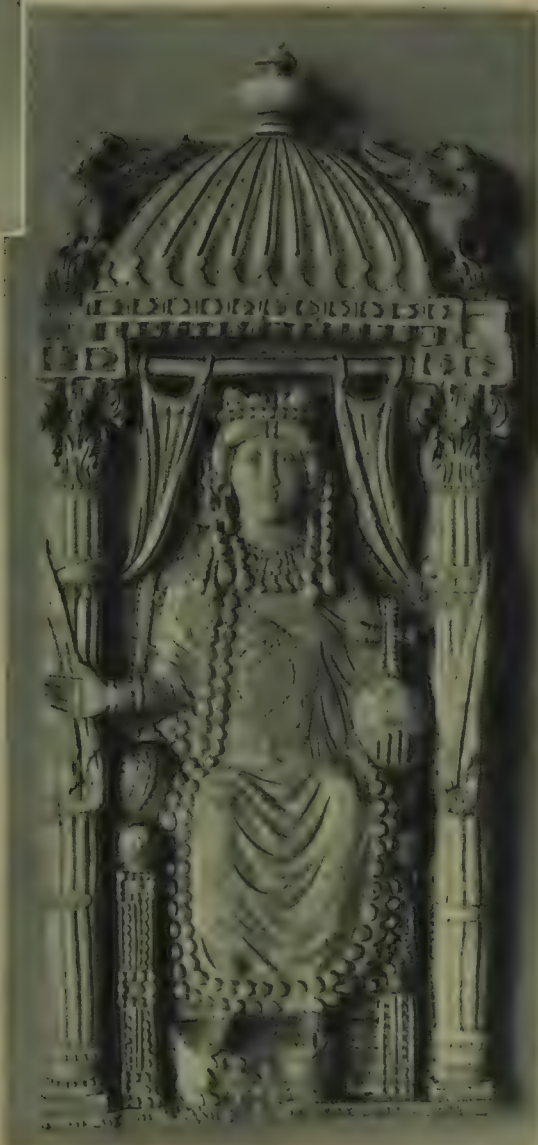


AN AMPULLA.—TWELFTH CENTURY.

Bronze and enamel.



A SILVER BOX; SHOWING CHRIST AND
APOSTLES.—SECOND HALF OF THE FOURTH
CENTURY.



THE EMPRESS ARIADNE (OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF
THE EAST): AN IVORY FROM A BYZANTINE DIPTYCH
OF ABOUT 500.



A RELIQUARY IN THE SHAPE OF A SARCOPHAGUS: AN INTRICATE
PIECE OF SALZBURG WORK DATING FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.
Ivory on a foundation of wood; and tin-gilt.

The recent celebrations held in Vienna in honour of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Vienna and delivery from the Turks, of the Quincentenary of St. Stephen's Cathedral, and of the German Catholic Congress, brought into being a fine collection of examples of primitive Christian art gathered together in the New Hofburg. There were also exhibitions of Austrian Gothic plastic art, baroque art, and modern ecclesiastical art. In connection with one of the illustrations reproduced above, it is of value to recall that, in 468, Ariadne,

daughter of Leo I., married Zeno, who then became a patrician and commander of the Imperial Guard and of the Armies in the East, and afterwards sat on the throne of the Roman Empire of the East. Before his death, Leo I. appointed as his successor Leo, son of Zeno and Ariadne; but Zeno saw to it that he himself was also crowned, and, on the death of his son in the same year (474), he became sole Emperor. After the death of Zeno in 491, his widow, Ariadne, gained the succession for Anastasius, and married him shortly after his accession.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THIRTY YEARS OF CHANGE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AN enquiry about painted furniture has sent me looking round for a characteristic example, and the first one I happened to see was the rather formidable bureau of Fig. 1. It is an extremely well-made piece, and quite obviously a great deal of time, money, and ingenuity was lavished upon it. None the less, I find it a trifle exasperating, mainly, I suppose, on account of the two convex mirrors in the middle of the doors, which attract attention to the exclusion of everything else. To me, a far more satisfactory treatment would have been to have substituted for the mirror and the four painted small ovals in each door a single oval in the style of those at the bottom, when the whole structure would have appeared less top-heavy. However, the unknown maker of the year 1790 or so could hardly have been expected to worry about what might, or might not, be said about him a hundred and forty years afterwards: all we are concerned with at the moment is

doors—in short, an extremely well-balanced and practical bookcase. That not everything produced in the same decade reached an equal degree of merit is seen very well in Fig. 2, which has its points, but lacks a great deal of the easy, inevitable simplicity of Fig. 3. The trouble with it is that it is rather a hybrid, in which the maker has tried to combine both curves and straight lines without quite making up his mind what he wanted. The feet are of an early type, more often found in walnut pieces of the beginning of the century; there is an echo of Chippendale Gothic in the pointed mouldings of the window, and the rectangular top parts cut abruptly across the genial curves of the panels with their mirrors—an interesting specimen composed of quite good details put together without much regard to one another.

However, the point is not the excellence or otherwise of these particular pieces, but the vast gulf in fashion between them and Fig. 1. In thirty years we find ourselves in a completely new world. True, the basis of any good cabinet-work is proportion, and then again proportion, and on this score Fig. 1 comes out pretty well. But instead of sober mahogany we find satinwood, embellished with delicate figures, as the years passed, a less laborious and consequently less expensive method became popular. colours, rather sentimental pseudo-classic and an air of delicacy rather than of warmth. The conservatively-minded obstinately refuse to consider this type of satinwood furniture as really English, for it is still a common habit with the more insular among us, if anything happens which does not quite meet with our approval, to blame the French. I have on too many occasions on this page quoted chapter and verse to show how cleverly English cabinet-makers adapted French fashions to their own purposes, and with considerable benefit to their reputation, for anyone to accuse me of this sort of conservatism, and in this instance it is fair to point out that, while details are from across the Channel—the characteristic slanting feet, for example, and the flower garlands—there is nothing particularly French about this bureau. It is rather the result of the learned eclecticism of the Adam brothers than of any specifically French model: that gifted pair returned from their Italian tour in 1758, and there is no necessity here to enumerate their contributions to decorative art during the remainder of their lives. Besides, Etruscan and Greek enthusiasts were by this time dominating the polite world, and such a piece of furniture as this is an example of how the late eighteenth century reacted to innumerable treatises upon the austere beauty of classical antiquity.

It is not, then, an Adam bureau, but an Adam bureau at one or two removes, in the manner of Pergolesi, that rather enigmatic figure who perhaps worked for the Adam brothers, but is said to have liked floral ornament in bright colours without availing himself of their classical details. His name is, of course, familiar enough, but very little is known about his life; it is not certain, even, when he came to this country. One authority says he returned with the Adams; the "Dictionary of

English Furniture" that he only arrived about the year 1770. The point is of no great importance in any case; what is certain is that he was a craftsman of some eminence, who published from 16, Broad Street, Golden Square, "Original Designs" in two vols. and twenty-four numbers, and claimed with justice that he had "long applied his attention to the ornaments of the ancients, and has had the honour of designing and painting rooms, ceilings, staircases and ornaments for the Nobility and Gentry of England, and other countries." The decoration of furniture would be, of course, to such a man a very minor activity, as it was to the better-known Angelica Kauffmann and the equally competent Cipriani.

As for the fashion of these charming painted ovals, it is not unreasonable to point out that it has something in common with the vogue of painting carriage panels. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the Seasons painted on his coach, and George III.'s State Coach bore on its sides a representation of the Battle of Agincourt. From the purely cabinet-maker's point of view, painting was naturally a simple, comparatively cheap, substitute for inlay. There is plenty of really fine inlay in much of Adam's best furniture:



1. A BUREAU IN THE MANNER OF PERGOLESI: A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE VOGUE FOR PAINTED FURNITURE ABOUT 1790; OF SATINWOOD WITH PAINTED OVALS, AND CONVEX MIRRORS.

All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street.



2. A BOOKCASE ROUGHLY CONTEMPORARY WITH THAT SEEN IN FIG. 3, BUT NOT DISPLAYING SUCH REFINED TASTE IN THE USE OF ORNAMENT: A MAHOGANY PIECE THAT GIVES A HINT OF CHIPPENDALE GOTHIC IN THE POINTED MOULDINGS OF THE WINDOW, BUT HAS CLASSICAL MOTIFS IN THE SIDE PANELS.

that here is a rather elaborate example of a fashion which obviously pleased our ancestors, and, as such, is reliable evidence as to the æsthetic ideals of the time.

Before saying anything more about this bureau, let me go back a generation, and illustrate an average good bookcase of about 1760 (Fig. 3). I don't think anyone will quarrel with the statement that this is a simple, well-proportioned, and eminently satisfactory structure. In the jargon of to-day, it is a purely "cubist" piece of furniture, built up on a series of rectangles, with its severe outlines ingeniously relieved and lightened by (a) the pattern of the mouldings of the glass front, and (b) the pleasant little fretted galleries and the two vases at each side. The base is solid enough to support the upper part without giving the onlooker a feeling of discomfort, and is itself made interesting, as it were, by the device of the two columns of drawers enclosing the cupboard



3. A FINE BOOKCASE TYPICAL OF THE STYLE IN VOGUE SOME THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE BUREAU IN FIG. 1 WAS MADE: A MAHOGANY BOOKCASE, SOMEWHAT SEVERE IN ITS EMPHASIS OF THE RECTANGULAR ELEMENTS, BUT NONE THE LESS DIGNIFIED AND WELL PROPORTIONED.



"WHITEHALL": BY PHILIP CONNARD, R.A.



"EXOTIC": BY C. R. W. NEVINSON.



"EXQUISITE": BY ARTHUR WATTS.

"CHOCOLATE-BOX ART" TRANSMUTED: DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS DESIGN LIDS.



"HARLEQUINS": BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.



"PIXIE": BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.



"STELLA": BY LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., A.R.A.

Not so very long ago, if you had told a painter that his work was of the chocolate-box order, he would not have been particularly complimented; for the pictures used to attract the owners of sweet teeth in those days were apt to be as sugary as the confections to which they drew attention. Since then, the so-called "chocolate-box art" has been transmuted: from tinsel we have gold. Among the "alchemists" are such artists as Philip Connard, R.A., Edmund Dulac, Mark Certler, Aubrey Hammond,

Laura Knight, D.B.E., A.R.A., Paul Nash, C. R. W. Nevinson, Dod Procter, Ernest Procter, A.R.A., Arthur Rackham, George Sheringham, and Arthur Watts, all of whom have designed lids for Cadbury's chocolate-boxes. Their success can be judged from our reproductions, despite the fact that these are monochromatic; and, of course, better still at the Leicester Galleries, in Leicester Square, where the originals are to be seen until to-day, Saturday, September 30.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN," AT THE PICCADILLY.

FIRST-NIGHTERS must have found the Genealogical Tree of the Campbells on the cover of the programme extremely useful, for the relationship of

ancestry, become the saviours of the world. The girl (the period is 1936) is one of the pillars of the League of Nations, and the boy, a distinguished scientist, discovers an antidote to a plague that is devastating the world. The two 1936 scenes are unduly tedious, and should be cut and tightened up considerably, but the earlier ones are full of interest. Perfectly acted by a large cast; the outstanding performances being Robert Donat's Charles the first and second; Miss Dorice

what must have appealed to Mr. Ernest Milton; for, despite the fact that Alfred de Musset's drama is dominated by the leading character, it remains a curiously fragmentary effort. Yet it has considerable interest, and the first-night audience received it—or more possibly Mr. Milton—with enthusiasm. We see the Florence of 1537, under the misrule of Alessandro de' Medici, a brute with a gross appetite for wine and women. Lorenzino, who faints at the sight of an unsheathed sword, acts as his pander, with the object of worming his way into his confidence to enable him to assassinate him. The scene that leads up to this murder is practically a monologue, and Mr. Milton gave his exotic mannerisms full play with

[Continued overleaf.]



THE NEW SEA DEFENCE WORKS AT BARMOUTH OPENED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE: A VIEW OF THE NEW PROMENADE AND SLOPING WALL.

The new sea defence works at Barmouth, Merioneth, constructed at a cost of £170,000, were declared open on September 22 by Mr. Lloyd George. He cut a tape with gold scissors presented to him by Mr. Stanley L. Richards, the engineer in charge of the scheme. Mr. Lloyd George had laid the foundation-stone in January 1931, but since then a great storm had swept away a good deal of the works. Their construction has done much to relieve unemployment in the district.

the characters to each other is very confusing, and not assisted by the fact that the action of the play (which is in eleven scenes) passes over a period of seventy years. First we see Charles Cameron the first, a drunken and consumptive medical student, who dies when the girl he has seduced destroys his life's work in a fit of pique. She gives birth to Wilhelmina, also a woman of uncertain morals and temper. When her lover refuses to break off their *liaison* she puts prussic acid in his port. She in her turn gives birth to twins, and these, despite their erratic

Fordred's Harriet, Wilhelmina, and Hope; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger's Dr. Marshall, whom we see throughout the play at various ages.

"NIGHT'S CANDLES," AT THE QUEEN'S.

The part of Lorenzino, rather than the play, is



SIR JAMES BARRIE'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE SOLD: THE HOUSE (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN KIRRIEMUIR, IMMORTALISED BY SIR JAMES AS "THRUMS."

It has been announced that Sir James Barrie's birthplace in Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, is to be sold by private treaty. The official intimation described the property as "No. 9, Brechin Road, Kirriemuir, together with the adjoining No. 11, and the washing-house to the south of these premises." (The latter is seen in our photograph to the left.) The houses are in much the same condition as they were over seventy years ago.

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Continued.]

excellent effect. Deserted by his fellow-conspirators, a price set on his life, the fickle crowd ravening for his head, he orders a faithful retainer to stab him to the heart. Mr. Roy Emerton as the lecherous tyrant makes a perfect foil to Mr. Milton. Miss Catherine Lacey was excellent as the unhappy Marchesa who betrays her husband for her country's good.

"WHAT HAPPENED THEN?" AT THE KINGSWAY.

The try-out of this drama was so successful at the Fortune that the play has been transferred to the Kingsway for an unlimited run. It may be possible to pick holes in the author's theory that it is possible to imitate fingerprints, but a description of the method by which this was done, and the story of the crime, make an interesting third act. Extremely well acted by Messrs. Raymond Huntley, Richard Bird, Martin Lewis, and George Elton, to mention only a few of an exceptionally strong cast.

"IF ONLY FATHER—" , AT THE SAVOY.

Mrs. Perigoe, the widow of a wealthy Croydon tradesman, had trouble with her three children. Ever and anon she sighed: "If only father were here!" To appropriate music and in a dim light, father dutifully made his appearance. He dropped his aitches as stage tradesmen always do, however successful, and wore a suit that would have disgraced a street vendor of matches. His return from "over there" excited curiously little comment. His wife placidly dined with him *tête à tête*; his elder daughter told him to mind his own business, and confessed her vices with brazen effrontery; his younger was dutifully sweet; while his son chatted cheerfully of nursery cricket matches. No one displayed the faintest interest in the life "over there." Having settled everybody's affairs in a manner satisfactory to himself, Mr. Perigoe bade his wife a fond farewell and departed whence he had come. Roy Jordan, the young author who died a few months ago, has treated his subject with insufficient imagination; and, though Sir John Martin Harvey dropped both his aitches and his customary gallant bearing for the occasion, the play never came to life.

AN ENTHUSIAST OF THE THEATRE.

AT the conclusion of the very successful Open-Air Season in Regent's Park, I would pay a tribute to the man to whom we owe this new pleasure of London—namely, Sydney Carroll. He is one of the real lovers, the real enthusiasts, of the theatre. He began as an actor, and ere long he became my successor on the *Sunday Times*, in which position he rapidly made a name for himself. His outspokenness and his independence were universally acknowledged, and, despite his passionate likes and dislikes, he but rarely went astray in the by-ways of exaggeration. When he had made his name as a dramatic critic, he looked for new worlds to conquer. There was that precocious new stripling, the kinema, which wanted watching, nursing, and disciplining. That was a kettle of fish for Carroll to stir, and, as he had free access to the powerful columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, he soon asserted himself as a guide, philosopher, and candid friend to the rising artistic industry. For him there existed neither lip-service nor flummery: his motto seemed to be "Straight from the shoulder," whether it was praise or blame, and this attitude of a *preux chevalier* gave Carroll power and authority among his fellow-critics as well as his numerous readers. His articles in the *Daily Telegraph* have done a great deal to further the development of the home-made film, and are still eagerly expected week after week.

Yet Carroll was not satisfied. The theatre—a theatre independent of the box-office—lured him like a siren, and before long he yielded to the temptress's perilous embrace. He took the New Theatre and boldly produced the Duce's by this time famous Napoleon play, which, alas! did not repay him in coin for all his care and pain, but procured him the well-merited *kudos* of Commendatore of the Crown of Italy. Undaunted, he followed it up with the brilliant, unforgettable black and white production of "Twelfth Night," which gave the lie direct to the ravens that ever cried "Shakespeare spells ruin!" and was a huge popular success. Then he took the Ambassadors Theatre, where, among other authors, Boucicault's old play about the Streets of London in a most characteristic performance had a long run; and finally, in the spring of this year, he announced to the world that he, in conjunction with the Board of Works, had arranged to inaugurate in Regent's Park an Open-Air Theatre devoted to Shakespeare. It was a sensation. The Government hand-in-hand with a critic! What a vista; what hope for the future, and what pluck on the part of Carroll! This might be the beginning of a National Theatre—who could tell? And Carroll, with that immense largesse of his, engaged a world

of stars, and—supported by the Master of the Sward, Sir Philip Ben. Greet—organised performances which became the talk of London and the world, and were universally voted as a grandiose homage paid to the national poet. J. T. G.

Messrs. Frost and Reed, the famous fine-art publishers, of Clare Street, Bristol, and 26c, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, have just issued two particularly interesting facsimiles of very striking paintings. The first is "Loch Rannoch," by Harry Watson, R.L., R.W.S.; the other is "Co. Donegal: Arranmore from the Rosses," by J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A. The prints, each a splendid specimen of glowing colour, measure 15½ in. by 21 in., and 16½ in. by 21 in. respectively. There are on sale 200 signed artist's proofs of each, at £4 4s. apiece. Unsigned colour prints at £1 1s. each are to be ready well before Christmas, probably in October. The pictures are excellent companions, and can be ordered now.

West Hill Court, the newly erected block of residential flats of the Osborns Estates, Ltd., at Highgate, is well calculated by its design and appointments to enhance the attraction of living four miles from the centre of London, under conditions reminiscent of the quiet and freshness of the country. Architecturally the flats are a triumph of rational design, and their interior arrangements should satisfy the most exacting modern standards of comfort. The kitchens and bath-rooms are tiled; there is electric central heating, and, in addition, gas and electric power points are provided, and also a coal fireplace in the reception-room of every flat. The whole building is, needless to say, of fireproof construction.

Goodall, Backhouse and Co. have been famous for many years as the makers of "Yorkshire Relish." Our readers will be interested to learn that over twenty years ago this firm began to be asked for a thick variety of "Yorkshire Relish." Since then they have been experimenting and making exhaustive tests. Their aim was to make of their thick sauce something new and outstanding. Yorkshire Relish *Thick* is now on the market, and we can assure our readers that they will not regret an enquiry at their grocer's to find whether it is in stock. A new sauce from Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse and Co. is well worth a trial.

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5-seater Saloon de Luxe	-	-	£275
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Note: For detailed description of 1934 Standard cars see "The Motor" September 26th and "The Autocar" September 29th.

"BUILT TO PUBLIC DEMAND"

«

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

I AM wondering, each time that I am asked to inspect any of the new cars for 1934, whether there is little left for the owner to do other than

of their nearest petrol-station when the latter is fitted with modern oiling and greasing plant. It is very seldom that any amateur will spare the time and trouble thoroughly to overhaul the chassis to give the parts not easily accessible their proper dose of clean oil or grease, as the case may be.

It is a dirty job, anyhow, and often left so long before it is attempted that the grease-gun cannot force the old material out to leave room for the fresh supply until the nipples are dismantled and oil pumped through to wash out the hardened debris of stale and useless material. Such work is easy to the service-station fitted with a power plant, and as every owner has to visit such places for adjusting brakes and renewal of brake-linings, decarbonising, and general flushing of sump, gear-box, and back axle, cleaning the silencer and other such services, he might save money ultimately by paying also for general lubrication of all the mechanical parts, door locks, etc., to his local garage in place of indifferently servicing these himself. Messrs. C. Wakefield

and Co., Ltd., for instance, sent me recently a directory of their service stations, and it was a regular British gazetteer. I do not think there is a town, or even a good-sized village, which does not contain a well-equipped lubricating plant ready to give proper service to every motorist who calls. And, moreover, so well-equipped are these that one can leave one's car and call for it in an hour or less, so time-saving is the modern power-actuated cleaning and lubricating plant. Also, the charges are moderate.

New Daimler
"Twenty" Car.

Friday is the lucky day to the Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. companies, so that all three of these firms chose it to display their 1934 models to an

admiring crowd of motorists. Lanchester and Daimler cars were on view at Coventry on Sept. 8, and the B.S.A. cars exhibited at the latter's works at Birmingham on the following Friday, Sept. 15. I had a long chat with Commander Herbert, the sales director of the Daimler and Lanchester companies, after inspecting the new models on that Friday, and he told me that there is no greater proof of returning prosperity than the growing interest of the public generally in better-class cars. Their orders for Daimler "Fifteen" and "Twenty" horse-power saloons and the Lanchester "Ten" and "Eighteen," confirmed the upward trend. He also hoped that the day would come when the

[Continued overleaf.]



A HUMBER "TWELVE" ON WRYNOSE PASS: ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE HILLS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT EASILY CONQUERED BY THIS STURDY AND ATTRACTIVE NEW MODEL.

driving them after seeing that the petrol-tank, engine-ump, and radiator are duly given their requisite quantum of petrol, oil, and water. To-day, the British motor industry has simplified motoring so that no technical knowledge or mechanical skill is required to look after the working parts of the modern automobile carriage. Even if a chassis does not have its parts automatically lubricated on the "one-shot" principle by a hand-operated oil-pump positioned near the driver, or centrally grouped lubrication nipples, car valeting has now been brought to a fine art by all the up-to-date garages scattered over the length and breadth of these islands. In fact, owner-drivers are well-advised to use the service department



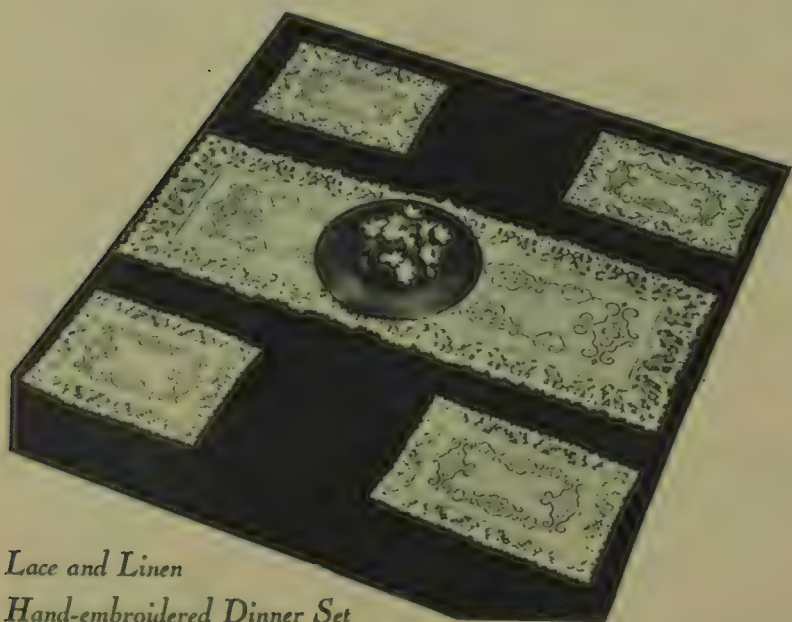
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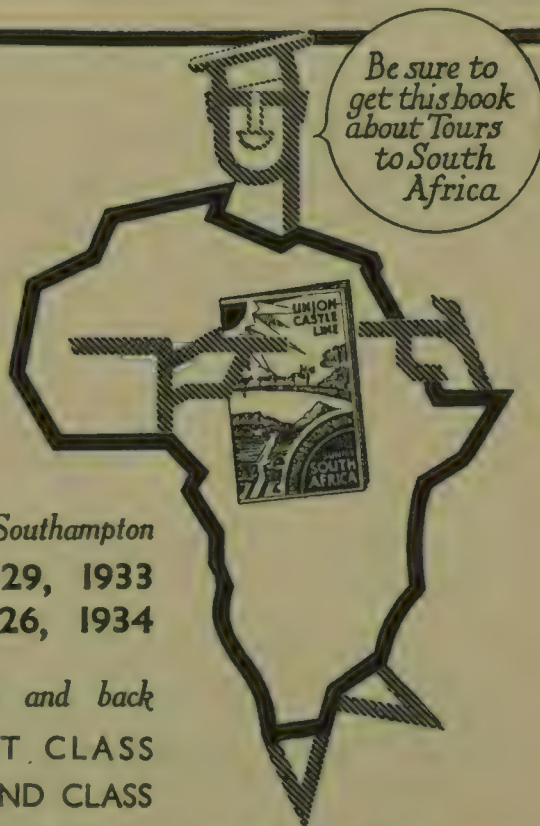
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(Continued.)

British Empire bought only British cars, because they were more up to date in design and sounder in construction than any others. Prices of Lanchester and Daimler cars now range from £325 for the "Ten," from £450 for the Daimler 15-h.p. sports coupé, and from £695 for the new 20-h.p. Daimler with overhead-valved six-cylinder engine. This latter carries extremely handsome coachwork, to seat seven persons, at this price, and looks worth £1000 in appearance and is in performance. A short ride in it demonstrated its high powers of speed and acceleration, combined with the refined smoothness and general reliability which has always been a leading characteristic of Daimlers. Mr. J. W. Bryan, the sales manager of B.S.A., has abolished the four-wheeler front-wheel-drive car this year, and only the 10-h.p. fluid flywheel and automatic gear-box B.S.A. car is offered for the 1934 season. The three-wheeler with front-wheel drive is still retained, and this model is very popular in the cycle-car world. The B.S.A. saloon is listed at £240, so that motorists can now buy the most up-to-date transmission and easy-changing cars—either B.S.A., Daimler or Lanchester, for very moderate prices, all with fluid flywheels. This system is now attracting the attention of many U.S.A. manufacturers, and negotiations are now in progress to purchase the American rights from the B.S.A., Daimler, and Lanchester companies.

Long-Distance Non-Stop Runs.

During the week ending Sept. 16, nearly two hundred dealers in 8-h.p. Ford cars started simultaneously from important centres throughout Great Britain, with the aim of keeping their cars running without an involuntary halt, or once stopping the engine, from 5.30 p.m. on the Monday, until 5.30 p.m. on the Thursday following. It was a wonderfully successful long-distance non-stop engine run, as between 150 and 200 of these 8-h.p. Ford cars took part in this feat, and were only halted to replenish the fuel tanks, and to change drivers and passengers. This proof of dependability of ordinary stock cars was also done last year by the larger 14.9-h.p. Ford cars, when 194 cars covered a total of 334,930 miles in the three days' non-stop run, without a single

engine stop or other hitch. This year all the 8-h.p. Ford cars finished up their run, after checking in at their respective points, by proceeding, on the Friday and Saturday, to rally at Hastings. There competitions were held, including hill-climbing, braking and parking tests on the Friday morning, and in the afternoon the cars proceeded in procession via St. Leonards, Bexhill and Pevensey, to Eastbourne, where the occupants had tea before re-forming, and returning to Hastings for a dinner at which all those taking part were entertained by the Ford Company that evening at the Queen's Hotel, Hastings. On Saturday, all the dealers met and discussed business, and the company's plans and policy for 1934 were explained to them—a private affair, which did not concern me. But I should like to mention that at this gathering and non-stop run, Ford dealers were present from all parts of England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and the Irish Free State, who had all entered their own Ford cars, and, moreover, bore all their expenses in the event. I left before the final checking up of the total distances travelled was completed, but I am sure it was as good as 250,000 miles, and certainly proved how dependable a car the 8-h.p. Ford is, no matter in what part of the country it has to travel. The average speeds were splendid, and no accidents happened to mar the complete success of a well-organised affair.

British Car Push Abroad.

So well have British cars done in various competitions abroad that increased demand has benefited the export business of many English factories. This has encouraged firms such as the Austin Company to open special show-rooms, as instanced at Helsingfors, Finland. There a full range of Austin vehicles, and the new Austin film, "Wheels Onward," is being shown. Also at the Paris Automobile Salon, opening at the Grand Palais, on Oct. 5, seven Austin models will be on view in the main hall. Sir Herbert Austin will attend the Salon this year himself, and as he has many friends in the French motor industry, will receive a warm welcome. Also M. Rosengart, who makes the French edition of the Austin "Seven," and other officials of the Austin sales organisation on

the Continent, will be present at the Austin banquet during the Paris Motor Show. Looking at some official statistics recently, I discovered that one in every four new vehicles registered during July this year in New Zealand was an Austin, and in South Africa Austin sales represented 27 per cent. of the total motor-vehicles purchased. July, by the way, proved an excellent month for the British motor industry, as the Ministry of Transport reports that 16,274 cars were registered for the first time, compared to 12,716 cars in that month last year; and 4762 goods motors, as compared with 4078 commercial vehicles in July 1932. Eight-horse-power cars headed the poll with 4451 cars, an evidence of the continued popularity of the Austin "Seven"; while the 10-h.p. cars were a good second with 4277 new registrations. Third in the July list were the 12-h.p. motors, with a total of 2492 new vehicles registered. Comparatively few high horse-power cars were sold during that month, as 120 of 30 h.p. and 22 of 44 h.p. were, with 153 of 24 h.p. and 104 of 26 h.p., the leading registrations in the big-car classes. But as a sign that motorists were favouring better-class cars, 981 of 14 h.p., 462 of 15 h.p., 766 of 16 h.p., and 283 of 20 h.p. were registered for the first time in the medium-sized categories during that month.

The Royal Photographic Society's annual publication, "The Year's Photography," has recently appeared for 1933-1934. At a cost of only 2s. 6d., this book, which is produced this year as attractively as ever, gives an admirable summary of the work done in the last twelve months. The seventy-four excellent reproductions, including some which we published in our issue of Sept. 9, present examples of almost every phase of photography, such as portraiture, natural history, genre, landscape, architecture, still-life, flash-light, infra-red and spark photographs. They are followed by four interesting and informative articles—"Pictorial Photography," by Murry Barford, F.R.P.S.; "The Lantern Slides," by J. Dudley Johnston, Hon. F.R.P.S.; "Natural History Progress," by Ralph Chislett, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.; and "Records and Truth," by S. O. Rawling, D.Sc., F.I.C., F.R.P.S.



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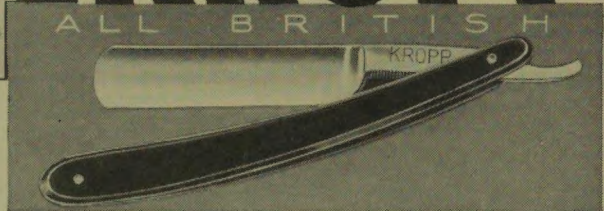
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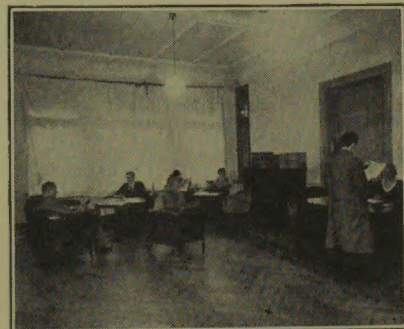
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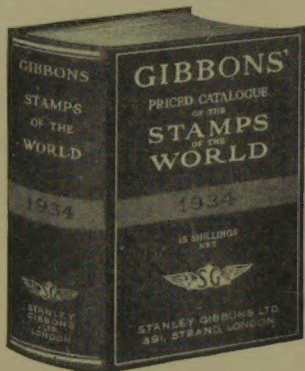
This number commences a new volume in which, besides the intensely fascinating £100 Stamp Competition, there will start a new Stanley Phillips feature ("Every Man His Own Expert"), a special series of articles on the stamps of Great Britain, "The British Postal Agency at Bangkok"—a serial by the Rev. C. S. Morton, and numerous other fine articles. Stamp News, Air Mail Notes, "Through the Magnifying Glass," "The Designs of the Month" and all other features will appear as usual, together with Free Supplements to the Gibbons' 1934 Catalogue. 20 pages per month.

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THIS coming winter has an unusual interest for the stamp collector, as it is to bring us a new issue of stamps for our own country. They will be new, yet not altogether so. The Mackennal-Eve designs are retained with little modification, but they are being prepared for printing by photogravure instead of by the typographic method. The background to the King's head has been filled in, to throw the profile up into bolder coin-like effect. The Mackennal "coinage" head is replacing the "medal" head.



HOLLAND: QUEEN WILHELMINA AND DUTCH SHIPPING ON THE NEW 80-CENT GREEN AND RED.

There will be many who would prefer a complete change of design, and it does seem a rather doubtful experiment to print by the photogravure process a series of stamps originally designed for so entirely different a method of printing. The recent Peace propaganda stamp for Holland, although a simple typographic-like design, is printed by rotogravure, which perhaps accounts for the rich ultramarine colour. On the other hand, a new 80-cent green and red in a new design for the regular series of Dutch stamps looks more like a pretty-pretty price-ticket from a chocolate-box than a postage stamp.

Newfoundland's latest stamps add another expansive chapter to the history that is written in stamps. In a set of fourteen stamps, from 1 cent to 32 cents, we are given a pictorial outline of the life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who annexed Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth just 350 years ago.



NEWFOUNDLAND: SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, WHO ANNEXED NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1583.

Poland has produced one of the most beautiful stamps of the year in celebration of the fourth centenary of the famous sculptor and wood-carver, Wit Stwos. It is a transverse oblong stamp, finely engraved in intaglio, with a picture of the artist's altar-piece carved in wood for the church of St. Mary in Cracow, his native city. The work



POLAND: A WOOD-CARVER'S MASTERPIECE ON A BEAUTIFUL NEW POLISH STAMP.

is said to have occupied him from 1477 to 1489. The denomination is 80 groszy, and the colour red-brown.

The new general design for the stamps of Portuguese India is a pleasing one, although the typographical work of the Lisbon Mint is not too good. The emblematic figure of Portugal with sword and shield stands before an arched panel showing the flag-ship of Vasco da Gama in full sail. There are twelve values, from 2 reis to 5 rupees.



PORTUGUESE INDIA: VASCO DA GAMA'S FLAG-SHIP ON THE NEW ISSUE.

"La Fiesta de la Raza"—the feast of the race—is observed in South America on Oct. 12, the anniversary of the date on which Columbus first set foot on American soil. This year several countries have turned out special stamp issues to commemorate the 441st anniversary, not of Columbus



GUATEMALA: "THE FLAG OF THE RACE," WITH COLUMBUS (LEFT).

Day, but of the day of his departure from Palos on his first voyage. They all bear, as part of the design, the "Flag of the Race." Brazil's contribution is a single 200-reis carmine stamp. Guatemala presents a set of five, in one design showing Columbus at the left of the flag and "Tecum Uman" on the other. Nicaragua has issued a big set of thirteen values for ordinary postage and eleven for air-mail. Honduras and Salvador have issued a series of six and five respectively.

A new series from Roumania marks the centenary of Turnu-Severin, the river-port on the Danube. The scenes depict the ruins of Trajan's bridge; Trajan at the opening of a bridge across the Danube; Prince Carol (afterwards Carol I.) at Turnu-Severin; and a general view of Trajan's bridge. Another series shows Carol I. and his consort, the celebrated "Carmen Sylva"; the three Kings, Carol II., Ferdinand I., and Carol I.; and a view of the royal summer residence, Castle Peles.



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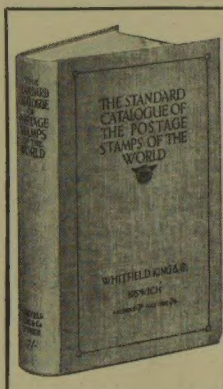
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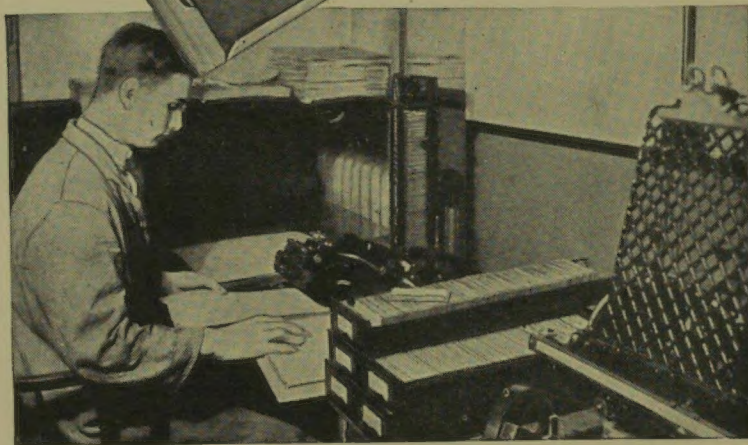
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